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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1836.

## REVIEWS

*Gatherings from Graveyards, particularly those of London.* By G. A. Walker, Surgeon. Longman & Co.

MAN is certainly a most unaccommodating animal; there is no stowing him out of the way, alive or dead. Alive, he is for ever shoving honest people from their places at nature's feast, raising the price of wheat, and lowering the remuneration of labour; making agricultural disturbances in Ireland, manufacturing rows in South Wales, and doing mischief everywhere. Dead, if he is not equally at a loss how to dispose of himself, other people are at their wit's end where to dispose of him, and that is just as bad: "the times have been, that men would die and there an end; but now they rise again and push us from our stools;" this must be looked after. The Latin language has an euphonic expression for death—the man is said to join the majority; and if ever there was such a thing as a tyrant majority, it certainly is that of the dead men of this nineteenth century. However it may fare with other joint stock companies, the cemetery associations cannot but thrive. Every day our difficulties are multiplying. It is in vain that actuaries assure us of the increased value of human life; they cannot deny that more people die now-a-days than formerly, or at least that more are not buried, which comes nearer to the present purpose. In the good old times, (to omit all other instances) thousands used to perish annually on the field of battle, who gave the survivors little trouble.

When we recollect that the population of this metropolis amounts to a million and a half of live inhabitants, and reflect that an equal number of dead people must be provided with house-room every thirty years, we really are not astonished that our alliterative new acquaintance, to whose title-page we have just introduced our readers, should feel his mind discomposed by the circumstance, and that the one idea it has suggested to him should have so pre-occupied his thoughts, as seemingly to have "erased all trivial fond records" to make room for it. Our great-grandmothers used to live in a painful apprehension of spirits that walked by night; Mr. Walker's bugbear is the re-appearance of bodies "making night hideous"—ay, and day too. There is, accordingly, a degree of morbid excitement, an exaggerated horror, an ultra-alarmist tone about this gentleman's production, which we fear will predispose the public to pay less regard to his statements than they really merit. The very nasty and very foolish custom of burying the dead in the heart of great cities, has become much worse than a nuisance; it has grown into a serious evil; the continuance of the practice amounts to an absolute stain on the civilization of the country; and this it is the object of the author before us to demonstrate.

The association of ideas which attaches our affections to the corpses of the dead is so natural, and so hallowed in some of its moral consequences, that one must reluctantly venture upon the painful acknowledgment that (feel towards the dead as we may,) one point alone is worthy of regard, in disposing of them—the health and the comfort of survivors. In large and dense populations, this point is one of great difficulty; and until steps be taken to hurry on the process of decomposition, instead of striving to retard it as we now do, the mischiefs to which Mr. Walker has tried to draw public attention, will and must prevail.

It has been so long the custom to expatiate on the comparative cleanliness and wholesomeness of the city of London, that "to hint a fault and

hesitate dislike" is regarded by the cocknies as a breach of patriotism. Unquestionably, and especially as far as regards the frequented and respectable districts, there is some room for boasting; but as certainly, if we take the poorer parts of the city into consideration, and estimate the infinite "nuisances" which have yet to be abated, we can only wonder that health should be so little affected. Most persons are aware of the truth of the general position which it is Mr. Walker's object to illustrate—the loathsomeness of the custom of burying the dead in the vaults of churches, and the inconvenience of accumulating bodies in the narrow limits of a town churchyard; but there are very few who are aware of the particular facts of the case, or the numerous secondary and derivative evils proceeding from their intensity. In the city of London, it has very commonly happened, that whatever inconvenience may arise from local circumstances, somebody has contrived to "make a commodity" of it, and to enhance the mischief in a manifold degree by pecuniary dexterities. This is strongly exemplified in the instance of burials: churchyards are property,—the property, generally of the clergy, but not unfrequently of private individuals, who speculate on the quick returns of their adventure, and are anxious to reappropriate their space long before nature has completed her task of decomposition. Then comes the sexton, with his corrupt interest in the materials of sepulture, to be snatched from the grave and reconveyed to the undertaker or the dealer in marine stores. Without dwelling on the too obvious consequence to the general health flowing from this cause, we may notice that it completely defeats the purpose for which men are so anxious for metropolitan burial,—respect to the dead. We imagine that our friends rest at peace in consecrated ground, little dreaming that the body has been torn from its resting-place to make room for another guest; the costly coffin that was destined to preserve it in its integrity cut up into firewood; the metal plate employed to identify the party, stripped off, the brass-headed nails gone to the marine shops, and the bones themselves flung on one side, or haply ground and sold for manure.

To form an accurate idea of the quantity of corpses that lie festering around us, would not be easy; we may notice, however, that within the bills of mortality and some of the surrounding parishes, 32,412 burials took place in the cemeteries of the establishment in the year 1833:—

"From official documents it also appears that the number of bodies buried in the metropolis

From 1741 to 1765 inclusive, were	508,523
1766 .. 1792 .....	605,832
1793 .. 1813 .....	402,595
1814 .. 1837 .....	508,162

2,105,112

Mr. Walker has furnished a detailed account of a considerable number of the existing cemeteries of the metropolis, and exhibited a mass of evidence from which we proposed making numerous extracts, with a view of stirring the public towards the abatement of such intolerable nuisances; but the details are too monotonously disgusting; and we can only refer to the volume itself, taking however one or two localities as specimens, in lieu of a multitude. Speaking of Clement's Lane, a narrow stifling passage, leading from Clare Market to the Strand, Mr. Walker informs us—

"It is surrounded by places, from which are continually given off emanations from animal putrescence. The back windows of the houses on the east side of the lane look into a burying ground called the 'Green ground,' in Portugal Street, presently to be described: on the west side the windows (if open) permit the odour of another burying place—a private one, called Enon Chapel—to perflate the

houses; at the bottom—the south end—of this Lane, is another burying place, belonging to the Alma Houses, within a few feet of the Strand, and in the centre of the Strand are the burying ground and vaults of St. Clement Dances; in addition to which, there are several slaughter-houses in the immediate neighbourhood; so that in a distance of about two hundred yards, in a direct line there are four burying grounds; and the living here breathe on all sides an atmosphere impregnated with the odour of the dead."

And now a word or two respecting some of the burying grounds here referred to:—

"*Burying Ground, Portugal Street.*—The soil of this ground is saturated, absolutely saturated, with human putrescence. \* \* \* The effluvia arising from this ground, at certain periods, are so offensive, that persons living at the back of Clement's Lane are compelled to keep their windows closed; the walls even of the ground which adjoins the yards of those houses, are frequently seen reeking with fluid, which diffuses a most offensive smell. \* \* \*

"*Enon Chapel.*—This building is situated about midway on the western side of Clement's Lane; it is surrounded on all sides by houses, crowded by inhabitants, principally of the poorer class. The upper part of this building was opened for the purposes of public worship about 1823; it is separated from the lower part by a boarded floor: this is used as a burying place, and is crowded at one end, even to the top of the ceiling, with dead. It is entered from the inside of the chapel by a trap door; the rafters supporting the floor are not even covered with the usual defence—lath and plaster. Vast numbers of bodies have been placed here in pits, dug for the purpose, the uppermost of which were covered only by a few inches of earth; a sewer runs angularly across this 'burying place.' \* \* \* Soon after interments were made, a peculiarly long narrow black fly was observed to crawl out of many of the coffins; this insect was observed on the following season to be succeeded by another, which had the appearance of a common bug with wings. The children attending the SUNDAY SCHOOL, held in this chapel, in which these insects were to be seen crawling and flying, in vast numbers, during the summer months, called them 'body bugs,'—the stench was frequently intolerable."

This place is, it appears, familiarly known among the undertakers by the name of the 'Dust Hole.' It was opened as a private speculation, at a time when the public horror was at the height, from the exaggerated nonsense current, respecting the exhumation of dead bodies for anatomical purposes; let us see what sort of protection it has afforded:—

"This space (says Mr. Walker) measures in length 59 feet 3 inches, or thereabouts, and in width about 28 feet 8 inches, so that its superficial contents do not exceed 1,700 square feet. Now, allowing for an adult body only twelve feet, and for the young, upon an average, six feet, and supposing an equal number of each to be there deposited, the medium space occupied by each would be nine feet; if, then, every inch of ground were occupied, not more than 189 (say 200 in round numbers) would be placed upon the surface; and admitting (an extravagant admission most certainly) that it were possible to place six tiers of coffins upon each other, the whole space could not contain more than 1,200; and yet it is stated with confidence, and by credible authority, that from 10,000 to 12,000 bodies have been deposited in this very space within the last sixteen years!"

We now turn to the parish church and some of the other burial places adjoining:—

"*St. Clement's Church, Signad.*—There is a vault under this church called the 'Rector's Vault,' the descent into which is in the aisle of the church near the communion table, and when opened the products of the decomposition of animal matter are so powerful, that lighted candles, passed through the opening into the vault, are instantly extinguished; the men at different times employed, have not dared to descend into the vault until two or three days had elapsed after it had been opened, during which period the windows of the church also were opened to admit the perflation of air from the street to occupy the place of the gas emitted;—thus a diluted poison is given

in exchange from the dead to the living in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of the metropolis. \* \*

"*Drury Lane Burying Ground* belongs to the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields;—many thousands of bodies have been here deposited. The sub-stratum was, some years since, so saturated with dead, that the place 'was shut up' for a period. The ground was subsequently raised to its present height—level with the first floor windows surrounding the place, and in this superstratum vast numbers of bodies have, up to this period, been deposited."

This, however, is a poor neighbourhood: let us direct our steps westward, and see how they manage these matters in the immediate neighbourhood of the palace:—

"*Buckingham Chapel*, situated in Palace Street, about three minutes' walk from Buckingham Palace. There are two vaults and a burying ground belonging to this chapel; one of the vaults is underneath very large school rooms for boys and girls, and the other is underneath the chapel; the entrance to these vaults is through a trap-door, in the passage, dividing the school rooms from the chapel; steps lead to the bottom of the building; on the right is the vault underneath the schools. \* \* The vault is supported on wooden pillars, and there is only one grating, which fronts the street, to admit light and air; the floors of the school rooms, whitewashed on the under surface, form the roof of the ceiling of the vault—it is no difficult matter to see the children in the lower school room from this vault, as there are apertures in the boards sufficiently large to admit light from above. This place is spacious, but very low;—the vault on the left, under the chapel, is about the same size as that under the schools, though much lower. I was assured that the ground was so full of bodies, that there was difficulty in allotting a grave; the roof of this vault is formed by the under surface of the floor of the chapel; it is whitewashed, the light passes through it; the smell emitted from this place is very offensive. In the vault underneath the chapel there are piles of bodies placed in lead; the upper ones are within a few inches of the wooden floor. On a level with the chapel, and behind it and the school rooms, is the burial ground, which is much crowded,—most of the graves being full 7 feet deep, and nearly filled to the surface, with the dead; the ground is raised more than six feet from the original level,—formed only by the debris of mortality. No funerals are permitted on a Sunday."

It is impossible to proceed further with these disgusting details, however salutary the exposure may be: those who are curious or interested must refer for further particulars to the work itself. We therefore take our leave, sincerely hoping that Mr. Walker may reap the reward of his labours, and live to see the nuisance he wars against abated, if not altogether got rid of.

*Memoirs of his own Time: including the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration.* By Lieut.-General Count Mathieu Dumas. 2 vols. Bentley.

At the close of a life extending over the most eventful period in European history, and actively engaged in all its most stirring scenes, the Count Dumas abandoned the completion of his useful compilation, the *Précis des Evénemens Militaires*, for the purpose of leaving behind him some record of his personal experiences; and that record is here given to the world by his son. The Revolution of 1789 found Count Dumas an officer of engineers, whom the advantages of rank and connexion, seconded by the juster argument of talent for the business of his department, had already introduced to many important commissions; and hence, he came at once upon the stage as an actor in the great drama, through all whose after-scenes he played a busy, but always a subordinate part. He had already served in the expedition under General Rochambeau, in aid of the English colonists in America, then struggling into independence; and amid all the contests of parties which made

Paris for years a charnel-house, throughout the wars of the Republic and of the Empire, in the scenes of the first Restoration, the Hundred Days, the second Restoration, and the Revolution of 1830, the Count Dumas meets us at every turn,—an actor everywhere, but a leader never. It would be at once suspected that a man who has come unscathed through all those dreadful scenes—who heard the low deep murmur which had long sounded in the ears of the watchful, break into its first articulate expression amid the contests of the states-general, listened subsequently to all the fearful voices by which the Revolution spoke, and stood face to face with all its shapes of blood,—and dies at length an old blind man, under the second Bourbon dynasty, and amid the calm of these latter times, had a peculiar facility for taking care of himself. He who escaped alone from Thermopylæ was not more conspicuously the object of a tutelary genius than the few, who, being really in the ranks of all the subsequent warfare, have come down to us from the far days of the old French *Régime*. It may further be assumed, that the servant found under the banner of all the successive powers which replaced each other during that long and troublous period, partook both of the sterling soldierly qualities and the useful pliant ones of Captain David Dalgetty; and yet further, that one who was in the heart of all that bustle, without ever changing his co-ordinate position, was wanting in some of the qualities out of which leaders are made. They who, from the *prima facie* evidence alluded to, shall venture upon these several inferences, will do no injustice to the Count Mathieu Dumas. The great chief, who, coming suddenly, one scarce knows whence, leaped into the saddle at a bound, and ruled all the stormy spirits and all the wild elements of the time to his own vast purposes, was in nothing more conspicuous than the tact with which he discerned all the qualities that could be made useful for his service; and he kept the Count continually employed in the business of the engineer and commissariat departments—administering to him, from time to time, some very unpalatable rebukes whenever he showed any ambition to step beyond it. In fact, Napoleon appears to have held Count Dumas in very considerable contempt; and though that general had too many respectable qualities to allow us to take our estimate so low, yet the evidence, under his own hand, of the present volumes, certainly does not place him in that altitude, either moral or social, which a man of more directness and earnestness of purpose must, with his opportunities, have commanded. Throughout all the many changes to which he lent himself with exemplary suppleness, his leading object, upon his own showing, was ever to promote the fortunes of his family; and really he records his own evolutions to recover his place in the ranks, whenever he found himself thrown out, with a simplicity and unreservedness (as things needing neither apology nor comment) which it requires all his personal qualities of good-nature, and our own too, to enable us to digest. Napoleon knew that he could rely on the services of General Dumas so long as that officer wore his livery, but that he was ready to doff it at a moment for that of any other who might happen, for the time being, to hold the purse. Accordingly, the Count entered the service of Napoleon as Lieutenant-General, and Lieutenant-General he left it; and, in spite of a large amount of valuable service, connected with military surveys and organization, under every successive government, Lieutenant-General he died,—never having been able, with all his efforts, to obtain footing with any administration, and having received at length, in the very shadow of that approaching death which made

the distinction a mockery, the vain and unhereditary honour of *Pair de France*!

The few remarks which we have made on the character and position of the Count Dumas, will raise all the necessary inferences as to the quality and value of his book. As a narrative of the wild and crowded events "*quorum pars fuit*," and which, by their own superior horror, put an end for two generations to the Romance of Horror, they are, as they could not fail to be, full of interesting matter. In anecdote they are abundant; and the narrative of the Count's own hair-breadth escapes in those uncomfortable moments when he found himself suddenly out of the saddle, and before he had time to provide himself with another from the ranks of the enemy, are in themselves a romance. They are, besides, very strikingly told, as well as with great fairness; for it may be observed that the volumes are throughout written with a candour which might not have been hoped for, had the Count's passions been stronger, or his political morality of a higher tone. As a contribution to history, the publication is not of great value; and if it were of more, it is a quarter of a century too late. In the first place, the Count's position, and the time and events of which he treats, placed him so near to certain portions of his subject as to prevent his seeing the rest, and (not having a mind for generalization) to lead to his often mistaking a part for the whole. Besides, being somewhat of a prosier, too, (and, notwithstanding an occasional tendency to that slight chronological inaccuracy in estimating the operations of their own minds, which leads some men to mistake the wisdom derived from facts after they have happened, for prophetic inspirations), the Count is, nevertheless, for the most part, a dealer with facts, rather than principles. His facts, as we have said, are accurately related; but too isolated—standing too much in separation from other facts to which they have relation, and which are necessary to fix their value in the series, to be history. Though not history itself, however, they might have been useful materials for history had they come sooner, but they tell us scarcely anything that we have not been told already, in all conceivable forms and by all conceivable sorts of persons—ministers, and soldiers, and chamberlains, and poets,—legitimists, republicans, and doctrinaires. Through the crowd of conflicting statements, indeed, referring to those troubled times when every possible variety of motive and passion was in action, it is difficult enough to find one's way to any separate truth, and that must be a mind of the highest order, skilful in analysis, and powerful in generalization, which attains to anything like truth. Perhaps no future historian can be better placed for this purpose than was M. Thiers: not near enough to the events of the Revolution to be tossed upon its sea of passions, yet sufficiently so to derive his evidence from the actors themselves, and correct the testimony of one by that of another,—bringing to the task a clear head, great industry, and ambition that had, even then, started for the goal to which it has ever since steadily advanced,—collecting and sifting his evidence through a series of years,—he has, perhaps, obtained a clearer view of his subject than any successor can reasonable hope to reach. As for the argument which would assert that, if remote from the passions of the time, he was too close upon the prejudices which were their immediate echo, and from which, as a politician, he cannot be exempt, it has, in this case, little weight,—for, no man will ever tell the tale of that Revolution, without prejudice. All principles of religion, and ethics, and politics, were involved in the great contest; and its most perfect historian, come he when he will, must find his way through the chaos by a light



(from his own mind) which will necessarily discolour some facts, and fall imperfectly on others. M. Thiers, then, has given us a valuable History of the Revolution, without the aid of the Count Dumas's volumes; and, though very pleasant reading for the library table, the future historical student will find that they swell his materials, without adding much to his facts.

*Historical, Literary, and Artistical Travels in Italy, &c.* By M. Valery.

[Second Notice.]

STANDING on the threshold of Venice—a gondola?—we must still snatch a moment, to glance backward at Possagno, the village which gave birth to Canova, and which his beneficence has exalted into a place of pilgrimage, attractive not only to the fancy of Memory but to the eye of Art;—and at Maser, but ten miles thence, where Palladio and Paul Veronese (congenial spirits!) have left so remarkable a monument of their rich and fertile genius in the Marini Palace. Treviso, too, with its Duomo, decorated by Trevisan's painter, Paris Bordone, would likewise claim its paragraph, were we not bewildered by the plenteousness of matter beckoning us onward to—

—the sea-Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
Rising in her tiara of proud towers.

M. Valery has felt the romance of that wonderful "dream upon the waters," as some rhymester has called it, (what a glorious book might be made of the poetry of Venice!) though his limits and the nature of his peculiar objects of pursuit somewhat trammel him in giving vent to his enthusiasm; moreover, he has rummaged ancient libraries till he has arrived at a scepticism as to some matters, which could he disprove, those given to romance would not readily pardon him. For instance, so far from holding in any horror the abolished policy of the State Inquisitors, he goes the length of applauding their government; and cites the *Discorsi* of Count Domenico Tiepolo, to prove that Daru, in quoting the statutes of the Inquisition, "discovered by him in manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi," only appealed to documents "which are regarded as apocryphal at Venice by all men of education, and as fabricated by an ignorant enemy of the republic." This may be so, without establishing the manuetude or justice of the State Inquisition; and we are none the less inclined to receive M. Valery's impression with caution, when we remember that he found good words to say of the Austrian censorship, and that in tracing the haunts of Inquisitorial power at Venice, he describes the *Piombi* (roof-dungeons) as neither unhealthy nor uncomfortable lodgings,—quoting the authority of Howard, and a Count Hesenberg, who has recently occupied them,—while the *Pozzi* (cellar-prisons), which have made so black, and damp, and ghastly a figure in many a tale of mystery, are "not more horrible than the other dungeons of the period." Only two, however, of the many stories of these secret prisons now remain. But, on the other hand, he speaks with enthusiasm of the famous Gospel of St. Mark in the treasury, though he doubts the authenticity of the MS., and expatiates upon the Basilica with its mosaics, (recently so delightfully recalled to us by 'Les Maîtres Mosaisistes' of George Sand,)—and the architectural splendours of the Ducal Palace, the Redentore and the Della Salute Churches, and the pictures of that school, in which the strain of Orientalism which ran through the City of the Waters, evidences itself by a pre-eminent gorgeousness of colour. Through none of these can we follow him. A glance, however, at a much more familiar thing, will give us an anecdote of an artist, new to us, and worth recording:—

"The Florian coffee-house, under the arcades

*Procuratie Nuove*, in the old time of Venice was a species of institution; it has not survived the decline and fall of the city. This celebrated coffee-house, like the other great coffee-houses in the piazza of St. Mark, Quadri, Leoni, Sutili, &c., is, however, open the whole night in all seasons, and, in fact, is never shut. Florian was formerly the confidant and universal agent of the Venetian nobility. The Venetian who alighted there had news of his friends and acquaintances; was informed when they would be back, and what they had done in his absence; there too he found his letters, cards, and probably his bills; in short, everything of moment had been done for him by Florian, with care, intelligence, and circumspection. Canova never forgot the more essential services he had received from Florian at the commencement of his career, when he wanted to become known; and he remained his friend through life. Florian was often tormented with the gout in his feet, and Canova modelled his leg and foot, so that the shoemaker could take his measure without putting him to pain. This leg of a coffee-house keeper appears to me no less honourable to Canova than his Theseus."

Mons. Valery joins all his compeers in lamenting the decayed state of the Venetian nobility. The last Lady of Venice, he tells us, was La Benzon, at whose *conversazione*, if we recollect right, it was that Lord Byron met the Lady of Ravenna. Another high-born dame, La Michiele, who wrote "one of the best works that has been published on the history of Venice,"—a history of the origin of Venetian festivals,—died, aged seventy-eight, in the year 1832. The same lady translated Shakespeare, and defended (how?) her own town "in the most patriotic manner against M. de Chateaubriand." We have but room to lengthen these disjointed memoranda upon one of the most interesting and—even in its decay—inexhaustible cities in the world, by a paragraph or two on M. Valery's own peculiar subject.

"The hall of the Great Council has received St. Mark's Library: these books are, I believe, the most magnificently lodged of any in the world; but the grandeur and beauty of the paintings which surround them, and the antique statues placed in the middle of their apartment, throw them into the shade, and they have only the appearance of accessories. The library of St. Mark contains sixty-five thousand volumes, and about five thousand manuscripts. Petrarch really laid its first foundations, as he expresses himself in a letter respecting the donation of manuscripts that he sent to Venice; it was a noble acknowledgment for the hospitality he had found there during the plague. Only a very small number of the manuscripts proceeding from Petrarch's stock are now in St. Mark's; it is said that they remained forgotten in a small room near the bronze horses, where they were spoiled. But the learned librarian of St. Mark, Morelli, has demonstrated that the Venetians did not deserve Ginguéné's reproach of having suffered Petrarch's library to perish; he had only given some few works; at his death, twelve years after the donation, Petrarch did in reality leave a very precious library, but it was dispersed, as is evident from the manuscripts preserved in the Vatican, the Laurentian, the Ambrosian, the Bibliothèque du Roi, and not one ever reached Venice. The man whose literary liberality still lives and shines at St. Mark's among so many noble donors, such as the Grimani and Contarini, is Bessarion. \* \* The library of St. Mark possesses many unpublished manuscripts of Bessarion, and his master Gemistus Plethon, the father of Platonism in Europe, a whimsical character, whose Greek, in the opinion of the learned, is dry, abrupt, and vulgar; nor did he speak so elegantly as in the *Lascaris* of M. Villemain. Gemistus Plethon, as well as his pupil, repaired to Italy for the council of Florence, the real epoch of the literary and philosophic emigration of the Greeks into Italy, and not, as generally supposed, the taking of Constantinople, which only sent thither grammarians and rhetoricians. The two beautiful Arabic manuscripts on silk paper presented by Bessarion, of which the Venetians were so proud, have not re-appeared at St. Mark's, nor the precious Bible called *La Magantina*, now recog-

nized as of 1456, and which is believed to have issued from the presses of Gutenberg. When retaken from France in 1815, they were not restored to their real owners."

Other literary rarities of renown in this collection, are the *Book of the Gospels*, which is nearly a thousand years old,—the celebrated manuscript of the Lombard Laws, called the Laws of Previsa,—the *canzone* of Dante on the death of the Emperor Henry VII., a MS. of the Council of Chalcedon, and the MS. History of the Council of Trent, corrected by its author, Fra Paolo Sarpi. St. Mark's library, however, does not possess an unique Aldine edition complete, having missed the treasure by a narrow chance:

"The younger Aldus, who died at Rome, had intended to bequeath to the republic of Venice his extensive classical library, which he had inherited from his forefathers: but it was, as well as his other property, seized by the public authority (*la censura apostolica*) and his many creditors. The library was divided between the latter and his nephews, after having been previously examined and despoiled of a number of articles by order of the pope, who doubtless did not bear away the least valuable."

We must leave Venice, with its legends and its "songless gondoliers"; we must leave, too, its environs and islands,—Murano, with its bead-factory,—Torcello, with its magnificent Duomo, founded in 1008, by Bishop Orso Orseolo,—St. Lazzaro, with the Armenian convent, where Byron found, in studying and translating under Don Pasquale, the librarian, "a file for the mind" relaxed by reckless libertinism,—the *Murazzi*, one of the last great works of the Republic,—and Chioggia, "with its lively, original, laborious, and numerous population," whom Titian drew, and Goldoni presented on the stage,—the next halting-place being Padua, where the University claims the first place in M. Valery's notice; afterwards St. Antony, *il Santo*, with its guardians,—strangely chosen for a temple,—

"—some Dalmatian dogs, of the shepherd species, which have well fulfilled their charge against all but the despoilers of 1797. The two present guardians of the *Santo*, some years ago, surprised a domestic of the Sografi family, who had remained at his devotions one night after the doors were closed; they took up their positions one on each side, ready to seize him if he made the least movement, and kept him thus in custody till the morning. \* \*

"The college of Padua, called the Seminary, is justly celebrated for its printing-office, its Latin, and its library. The presses are eight in number, and seem to have work enough. The library has about fifty-five thousand volumes, eight hundred manuscripts, and the valuable collection of prints, a legacy to the Seminary in 1829 from General Marquis Federico Manfredini, a man of extensive knowledge, formerly the governor of Leopold's sons, and a great friend of Morghen. This collection, improperly classed by nations instead of epochs, is difficult of access, or rather almost buried, on account of some engravings of a licentious character. The library of the Seminary contains some rare first editions of the Florence Homer and the Venice Pliny; a copy of the third edition of the same, on vellum paper (Venice, 1472); another Pliny, with marginal notes by an unknown person, (Venice, Bernardino Benalio, 1497); Cicero's Letters, the first book printed at Venice; some fine manuscripts of Petrarch and Dante. An autograph Letter from Petrarch to his physician and friend Giovanni Dondi, *De quibusdam consiliis medicinae*, is curious; it is dated from Arquà, and may be regarded as a very sensible little treatise on hygiene; Petrarch was seventy years old when he wrote it. \* \* There is also in the library a copy of the *Dialogues* of Galileo, with notes by himself: the alterations were given in an edition of his works printed at the Seminary (1744, in four volumes quarto). I could not contemplate without a feeling of respect the manuscript in ten folio volumes of Forcellini's great Latin Dictionary, a monument of the learning, perseverance, and modesty of that holy and erudite priest.—I asked to see the authors he had used in his researches; they were worn almost

to destruction, so many times had he turned their leaves over and over again."

The public buildings of Padua, though far inferior to those of Venice in riches and associations, are not without their curiosities. In the saloon of the *Palazzo della Ragione* (Palace of Justice)—

"—is now kept the stone (*lapis vituperii*) seen by Addison at the town hall, by which any debtor was delivered from the pursuits of his creditors, on swearing, after having been seated on it bare-breasted three times by the officers, before the assembled crowd, that he had not the value of five francs. It is a kind of stool of black granite, not in the least worn; this usage had not been followed for twenty-four years when Addison was there in 1700. \* \* In the burlesque hell of his *Malmantile*, Lippi has introduced the Florentine ladies who, by their extravagance in dress, had brought their husbands to the debtors' stone:

Donne, che fero già per ambizione  
D' apparir gioiellate e luccicanti,  
Dere il cul al marito in sul lastrone.—*Cant. vi, 73.*

At Siena, these debtors paraded round the square for three mornings while the palace bell was ringing; they were attended by shirr, and very nearly naked; the last day, they struck the stone like the debtors of Padua, and pronounced the following formula required by law: "I have consumed and dissipated all my goods; and now I pay my creditors in the way you behold."

The saloon, where this block for penance is shown, is so vast an apartment, that—rivaling the wonders wrought by Potemkin's barbaric magnificence at St. Petersburg,—

"A charming fête was given in it in December 1815, to the Emperor Francis and his daughter Maria Louise, under the skilful superintendence of Japelli, architect, of Padua: the saloon was metamorphosed into a garden, with a ball room and a receiving room for their majesties: the trees were planted in the ground, and formed thick illuminated masses; a small opera was performed, and there were even undulations of surface in this within-doors garden."

Passing through Arguà, M. Valery enters the Papal states at the Ponte di Lagoscurio, which, being rendered into plain English, means a ferry-boat. In Ferrara, the head-quarters of the Princes of Este, he found that the castle had recently undergone tasteless renovation at the instance of his Highness the Legate. There are many antiquities, however, to comfort the heart of a literary man; and not the least suggestive of these, though not the most familiar to the tourist more flippant and superficial than our guide, is—

"The broken bust and dilapidated tomb of Cælius Calcagnini, a poet, scholar, antiquarian, moralist, professor, ambassador, wit, and astronomer, one of the first who maintained the earth's movement round the sun, whose praises have been sung by Ariosto, his fellow-traveller in Hungary in the suite of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este.

Il dotto Celio Calcagnin lontana  
Fara la gloria, e 'l bel nome di quella  
Nel regno di Monese, e in quel di Juba,  
In India, e Spagna udì con chiara tuba.

"Calcagnini had left his books and instruments to the convent, and even after death he was unwilling to be separated from them: the inscription on the tomb is truly philosophic: *Ex diuturno studio in primis hoc didici: mortalitatem omnia continere et ignorantiam suam non ignorare*. It is surprising that with such moral sentiment Calcagnini could be the enemy of Cicero, and so bitterly depreciate his tract *De Officiis*; his ridiculous notions on this subject created him many enemies in his lifetime. The injustice of this writer towards Cicero was also tainted with a kind of ingratitude, as he owed his first name to the Roman orator, as he himself relates in a scene sufficiently descriptive of the spirit and manners of the learned at the period of the revival. Calcagnino or Calcagnini, his father, was reading Cicero at the moment they came to announce the birth of Cælius, and he was then at this passage of the letter to the curule edile M. Cælius, *ego de provincia decedens questorem Cælium proposui*; "Very well," said he,

"then to me also is born a Cælius." Calcagnini, like other scholars pretends that a presage of his future passion for books and literature might have been found in an incident which occurred at his baptism: he then seized the book of the ritual so firmly with his little hand that the priest and midwife had some trouble to take it away."

"The following happy retort of Calcagnini to Paolo Giovio, his enemy, is on record. When they were together one day at the table of Leo X., Giovio asked him, among other ill-natured questions, if he thought himself more learned than Cælius Rhodiginus: "Oh! as for that," replied Calcagnini, "it is quite another affair than deciding whether the silurus is the same as the sturgeon;" (*Questo è ben altro a dire, che il siluro sia lo sturione*), an error committed by Paolo Giovio in his book *De Piscibus Romanis*. Calcagnini's answer procured him, three years after his decease, one of those satires that Giovio published under the title of panegyrics."

The library of Ferrara, too, is magnificent:—  
"The number of volumes is about eighty thousand, and of manuscripts nine hundred. The rooms are beautiful and the volumes in perfect condition. In the first of the three large rooms are the portraits of Ferrarese cardinals, eighteen in number; among them may be remarked that of Ippolito d'Este, said to be a good geometrician for his day, the unworthy Meccenas of Ariosto. \* \* The cardinal's physiognomy and black beard by no means contradict the well-known gibe he is said to have uttered when Ariosto presented his poem to him, a word moreover, in strict conformity with Italian manners. \* \* A room more interesting than this gallery of cardinals is that of the Ferrarese authors, from the oldest down to Monti and Cicognara. \* \* The collection of writings, minor pieces, and papers of the Ferrarese authors is nearly complete. There are the manuscripts, fragments of some cantos of the *Furioso* (as the Italians call Orlando), covered with corrections. Ariosto always revised and polished his poem, although he might have sought the advice of Bembo (who had advised him to write in Latin), Molza, Navagero, and other distinguished wits of Italy; he kept the first edition of it in one of his apartments, that he might take the advice of his visitors. The twenty-first and seven following strophes of canto 11, on the invention of gunpowder, have fewer erasures: the strophe

Come trovasti, o scellerata e brutta,

has not even a single correction; but it seems the manuscript here has been transcribed from the first sketch by Ariosto himself, for the passage is very elaborate. It may be observed that the poet showed some independence in this eloquent imprecation against artillery, as the Duke Alfonso, a martial prince, paid great attention to his cannon foundry and had the finest train then existing. Alfieri, bending reverentially before the manuscript, obtained permission to inscribe the words *Vittorio Alfieri vide e venerò 18 giugno 1783*. The custode, a singularly solemn and pathetic personage, expressing himself *con la cantilena romana*, shows even the trace of a tear shed by Alfieri. The manuscript of the *Scolastica*, one of Ariosto's comedies, is very little corrected, but this piece was incomplete when he died, and his brother Gabriele finished it. \* \* The manuscript of the satires is in good preservation, and curious for the different corrections in the poet's own hand, Ariosto's arm-chair and inkstand are kept in the library; the elegance of the latter, in bronze, strikingly contrasts with the homely simplicity of the walnut-tree chair; the inkstand, a present from Alfonso, said to be cast from a drawing by Ariosto, is surmounted by a little Cupid with the forefinger of the right hand laid on his lips. Several of Ariosto's biographers pretend that this silent Cupid is an emblem of his discretion in his love intrigues. \* \* There is another manuscript in the library of Ferrara not less worthy than Ariosto's of Alfieri's devout inscription; it is the *Gerusalemme*, corrected by Tasso's own hand, during his captivity. The words *Laud Deo* are written by the unfortunate poet at the end of his almost sacred manuscript. There are a great many suppressed passages in it, and several successive pages are sometimes crossed out. \* \* Among the other manuscripts of Tasso are nine letters, dated from the hospital of Saint Anne; I saw the following verses exhibited, written also from his prison to the Duke Alfonso, the magnanimous Alfonso!

Piango il morir, nè piango il morir solo,  
Ma il modo, e la mia fe', che mal rimbomba,  
Che col nome veder sepolta parmi.  
Nè piramidi, o Mete, o di Mausolo,  
Mi saria di conforto aver la tomba,  
Ch' altro moli innalzar credea co' carmi.

"One must read these verses of Tasso in his own handwriting, at Ferrara, to feel the sorrow, desolation, and anguish that they express. \* \* The manuscript of Guarini's *Pastor Fido* seems subordinate and vulgar beside those of Ariosto and Tasso. \* \* The manuscript of the *Pastor Fido* was sent by Guarini to his protégé Leonardo Salviati, President of the Academy *Della Crusca*, the unlucky reviser of Boccaccio and Zoilus of Tasso, who made some few corrections on the manuscript, chiefly grammatical, to which Guarini did not in every instance accede. \* \* Lord Byron mentions, as existing at the library of Ferrara, a letter from Titian to Ariosto, which I deeply regretted not being able to find. \* \* The letter, pretended to be Titian's, inserted in the *Giornale delle provincie Venete* of the year 1825, is only by his pupil and secretary, the Venetian Giovanni Maria Verdizotti, a clever landscape painter; it is not addressed to Ariosto, but his nephew Orazio. It treats of the *Gerusalemme liberata*, and is dated in the month of February 1588, being more than fifty years posterior to Ariosto's death, and twelve after Titian's. The ancient choir book of the Carthusians is now in the library; it forms eighteen atlas volumes, covered with brilliant miniatures, the work of Cosmé's school. A *Bible* in one volume, apparently by the same artists, is equally large and magnificent. The library of Ferrara is rich in first editions of Ariosto, having as many as fifty-two. Bayle and other protestant writers are wrong in accusing Leo X. of having almost at the same time expressed his approbation of the profane *Furioso* by a bull, and anathematized Luther and his books. The pope's bull affixed to the first edition is only a privilege, a guarantee against piracy; there is no question of excommunicating the critics of the poem, as some have pretended, but only those who might print and sell it without the author's consent; it is the act of a prince, not of a pontiff. The anathemas of Leo X., too, against Luther were long subsequent to this first edition. \* \* The library of Ferrara offers a great number of fine editions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and such rarities are well placed there: Ferrara was one of the most illustrious towns that cherished printing in its infancy; its first editions closely followed those of Rome and Venice; it had even an advantage over the greater number of Italian towns to which the first printers were strangers; its own Andrea Gallo, who printed in 1471, and very correctly, the *Commentaries* of Servius on Virgil, in folio, and the *Achilleid* of Statius, the existence of which has been erroneously disputed, was a native of Ferrara. The second printer of Ferrara Agostino Camerino, was also very probably of that town; he first printed Boccaccio's *Theoid*, with the commentaries of Pietro Andrea de Bassi, another Ferrarese. Such a circumstance announces already a kind of literary glory and prosperity at Ferrara, though Bassi's commentary is too prolix, the edition inelegant, and this first attempt of *ottava rima*, said to be created by Boccaccio, was faulty and ungraceful, still far distant from the harmonious octaves of Ariosto and Tasso, which were composed on the same spot that saw the first printed. The following year 1476, a Hebrew printing-office was established at Ferrara by Duke Ercole I. some years after the elder Aldus, before settling at Venice, had attended the learned lessons of Giambattista Guarini at Ferrara; he was indebted to this clever master for his ability to publish in after days such excellent Greek editions, and to compose his Greek grammar, which is still esteemed. According to the *Ricerche bibliografiche sulle edizioni Ferraresi del sec. XV*, of S. Antonelli, under-librarian of Ferrara, published in 1830, more than a hundred editions were given during the first thirty years of the fifteenth century, by nine printers, a number much above the present. One of the chief rarities of the library of Ferrara is the *Musculorum humani corporis picturata dissectio*, by the great Ferrarese anatomist, physician, and surgeon of the sixteenth century, Giambattista Canani, who had some faint idea of the circulation of the blood, an undated edition without imprint, but most likely of 1541, illustrated with plates engraved by the celebrated Geronimo Carpi; only six copies



of this are known to exist, and our Portal vainly endeavoured to get one."

#### ANTHOLOGY FOR 1839.

*The Visionary, Canto III.*, by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, is an addition of 3000 lines to a poem of which the public have already had two large volumes, and which, for aught that appears, may be extended to as many more. It is in form, and to a great extent in substance, another version of *Childe Harold*, the resemblances being far too close and numerous to be called by any other name than plagiarisms. Lady Emmeline's hero, however, (whose name, of course, is Conrad,) is a more melancholy personage than the *Childe*, treading the stage in perpetual tears,—a sort of moral undertaker, walking everywhere in a perennial hatband, looking upon all things with a face of arranged and conventional gloom, and burying all happy feelings and cheerful morals as he passes along. Now, all this is to be regretted, because, with Lady Emmeline, it is imitated, not constitutional,—because, where constitutional it is a disease, and where imitated a great mistake,—and because she has talent enough to be under no necessity of servile imitation, and might, if she so chose, do credit at once to her fine intellect and her woman's heart. She is very obviously gaining strength, and cannot do better than dismiss the 'Visionary' at once. Three volumes of his *Jeremiads* are enough. Let her bury the undertaker! What can the world have done to Lady Emmeline that she should insist on this apostrophising it:—

Life! thou'rt a howling wilderness!

That sorrow, which she will have to be the inner spirit of all things, she paints in language so really poetical, that we should like to see what she could make of some of the charities of life,—an office more suited to her womanly character, and the true poet's, after all.

Yes! Sorrow vanished not, but varied still,  
With nature's altering aspects altered here!  
And grew herself most beautiful; while hill,  
And plain, and sea, (where one Great Spirit stirs,  
One feeling lives,) with truth that never errs,  
Pressed all their glories on the soul, where she  
Reigned an omnipotent crowned Shadow—first  
Of the echoing woods, waves of the sweeping sea,  
Sheaves of the plain with her grew one great harmony.  
She rode abroad on all the Winds of Heaven,  
Rode on the whirlwind—floated on the breeze!—  
Down with the billows dashed, or torrents driven,  
Each shape and semblance she was skilled to seize!—  
The skyward voice of many clustering trees  
Spoke but her language, when to him they spoke,  
That weary man, whom nothing well could please,  
And yet whose pain a different aspect took,  
From changing Scenes, until, at times, scarce galled its yoke!

His Sorrow varied ever; now it seemed  
In breathlessness of adoration raised  
Unto the heights above, Earth now it dreamed  
All haunted Melancholy's dreams and gazed  
On fair Earth's features, troubled and amazed,  
And now 'twas all one poetry, and shed  
Redoubled beauty round, and hailed and praised  
The Scenes it hallowed with an angel's tread,  
For such oft seemed its own, when peace was round it spread!  
But it was Sorrow still, and Sorrow all,  
Judge it by Joy, and it had been Despair!—

The following is surely very beautiful language, but does Lady Emmeline feel that it is not true? She is certainly not interpreting from her own heart; which it might be worth her while to do, as we are quite certain she will find oracles there well worth rendering in her sweetest tones.

I scarce would wish to be remembered here;  
Why in another shadow seek to live?  
Enough of shadowy and unreal appear  
My present elements; let none then give  
Or groans or thoughts or tears, when doth arrive  
That hour of hours which stills this storm for me!  
Nor in the mourning bosom fondly hive  
Regrets that to themselves must painful be,  
Nor pleasant, parted Soul! nor soothing unto thee!

I would be none and nothing—at the least,  
Nothing and none on Earth's forsaken scene,  
When the pulsations of my pain have ceased,  
And I am not, as I have darkly been.  
Too fondly and too foolishly we lean  
To the weak hopes of being long entwined  
In living thoughts, when grave-glooms yawn between  
Ourselves and breathing Earth—let me but find  
Peace in mine own, a blank in every other mind.

Let not my name in any living heart  
Be as an echo of a thing that was,  
A meaning and a memory—I would part  
From all delusions, and bid this one pass,  
The vainest of them all.—We deem, alas!

We can outlive ourselves in other's love;—  
A moment more,—they mix in Ruin's mass,  
Their memory is oblivion, while they move  
Thro' the deep Valley's shades, and false and faithless prove.

The dying by the dying—(such are all!)  
Would be remembered—vanity most vain:  
Yon glorious sky is but a radiant Fall  
Over a world of death, where none remain:  
The hope of joy and the keen truth of pain,  
Tried by us tremblers, all is quickly o'er.  
We are resolved to dust's true state again,  
And other billows break on this same shore,  
And other births but swell the records of "no more."

We have so much respect for the talent displayed by Lady Emmeline Wortley in this volume, amid all its faults, that instead of dwelling on the glaring plagiarisms into which she has been betrayed by following in the footsteps of another, we will find room for a passage evincing an energy of thought and of expression which fully demonstrate her power to choose her own path, and walk it alone.

Go forth, my thoughts! I charge ye! on your way;  
Yet once again I charge ye, for the sake  
Of all beloved and blessed things! the ray  
Of light not swifter from the cloud shall break,  
Than ye from my wrung Soul! arise! awake!  
Spring from this gloomy bound, this earthly shore;  
The wings of lightning and the morning take,  
And rise and rise—for ever dart and soar;  
For I will check your flight and clip your wings no more.

Creator! didst Thou, at Thy choice and will,  
Take to Thyself all Godhead;—not to be  
Greater than Thou still wert! and shalt be still!  
But to endow Thy dread Infinity  
With that which all might worship, thus, as *Thee*?  
When other beings Thou didst deign create,  
Didst Thou then will, in mercy, to decree,  
That they should glorify their lesser state  
By some fixed thought of *Thee*, to bless their doom and date?  
Thou puttdest glory from *Thee*, doubtless, then,  
When so Thou deign'dst to cause and to create!—  
Else all *Thy* works, or worlds, or suns, or men  
Had too been God!—too full of *Thy* dread state  
And might!—Thou castedst from *Thee* a vast weight  
Of glory, to frame aught that might not be,  
Lord, too, ev'n like *Thyself*!—*Thy* power is great!  
But nowhere is more proudly shown by *Thee*  
Than that—that *Thou* canst form what is not *Deity*.

Thou deign'st be *Deity*!—Lord! Thou, who art  
Beyond all thought hath knowledge of! 'twas thine  
To stoop to grandeur as an humble part!—  
Vouchsafe to be eternal and divine!  
Descend to be Omnipotent!—decline  
From thy veiled state to put on God-like state,  
Submitting to be worshipp'd!—and to shrine  
Thine Infinities in Being!—vindicate  
Thy glory in the event—for this all worlds yet wait!

*Faust, translated into English Verse*, by J. Birch, Esq.—This is, we believe, the eighth or ninth translation of a poem, which all persons seem agreed cannot be translated to any useful purpose. We would willingly have allowed it to pass quietly into oblivion, but authors and their publishers are not to be so satisfied. Mr. Birch, then, has essayed to do it in rhyme,—that slipshod rhyme, which, above all others, requires a fine ear, and such an intimate knowledge of rhythm as shall give to every part some sort of regular cadence, and weave the whole into one harmonious measure: Mr. Birch, however, has no ear, and his language is not English; witness the constant use of such words as *harl*, *idoneously*, *obscular*, which, by the bye, is made to rhyme with *Luther*.

*Ystradfin*, by Mrs. Bowen, is a "Descriptive Poem"; intended, with its appendix and historical and explanatory notes, to illustrate the natural beauties of the scenery in the upper part of Carmarthenshire, by a reference to its old traditions and legendary lore. The interest of the volume is purely local; and its principal merit consists in the attempt to call attention to the romantic materials which lie buried in such profusion amid the Welsh mountains.

We have also before us the first volume of a projected *Library of American Poets*, published at New York: "the volumes," as the publisher's advertisement states, "to appear without reference to their rank in popular estimation," and opening with the poems of Rufus Dawes. The policy is certainly not a wise one, which commences a series of National Poetry with the works of an unknown bard, especially where the selection is not justified by the merit of the works themselves. 'Geraldine,' its author and its publishers may take our word, is not at all like the poetry of Byron; nor is 'Lancaster' like 'The Deserted Village,' though the attempt at imitation is in each case glaring enough. From a thick

volume, embracing these, and a multitude of minor poems, we are unable to find a single passage to offer to our readers.

*Wales, and other Poems*, is another volume of poetry, from the other side of the Atlantic, by Maria James, a servant girl, and preceded by an introductory paper by Dr. Potter, in which the often mooted question of the propriety of such publications is discussed, and the case stated in behalf of what are called "Uneducated Poets." To this question we have already spoken more than once, and contended that there is no such thing as an *uneducated poet*. It is not in the schools that poets are made; and the possession of that knowledge which is poetry, implies the sort of education essential to its communication. We need not, however, re-open the dispute in this place, its settlement being in no degree necessary to our appreciation of the poems before us,—which are, under any circumstances, and with every allowance, quite worthless as poetry, though amiable in spirit. They nowhere contain the seeds of thought, nor any quality which explains their publication to our satisfaction.

*Two Ways of Dying for a Husband*, by N. P. Willis, Esq.—Though Mr. Willis has here offered proof enough that he is not master of that high art which he has essayed to practise, still there is something of promise about him. He has, at least, a dim sense of stage effects, an occasional burst of something like energy, and flashes of dramatic dialogue, sufficient to raise a hope that he might be successful,—not, of course, in the great drama of the Elizabethan age, but in the picturesque drama of Queen Victoria's reign,—if he would but shake off his Slingsby notions about manly spirit and female sweetness, and draw on his observation rather than his egotism for character,—eschew on common occasions—

Lutes, laurels, seas of pearl, and ships of amber.

and, on great occasions, the dagger and the poison-bowl of the property-man. The 'Two Ways of Dying for a Husband' are founded, the one on the story of Tortosa, an Italian usurer, who is a somewhat incomprehensible compound of Sir Epicure Mammon, Shylock, and Shiva,—the good element predominating at last, so as to bring the drama to a happy close; the other, devoted to the little less incomprehensible ambition of Bianca Visconti. To unravel the plot of either story exceeds our power; but the first offers us the best extract. In the following scene, which is between a scornful, but passionate young painter, and the lady of his aspiring love, who visits him in disguise to ascertain the state of his affections towards her, after wincing under praise bestowed on other beauties, the counterfeit monk turns her own picture from the wall; and the scene, after a little parley, thus proceeds:—

*Isabella*. Fair signor, by your leave, I've heard it said  
That in the beauty of a human face  
The God of Nature never writ a lie.  
*Angelo*. 'Tis likely true!  
*Isab*. That howsoever the features  
Seen fair at first, a blemish on the soul  
Has its betraying speck that warns you of it.  
*Ang*. It should be so, indeed!  
*Isab*. Nay—here's a face  
Will show at once if it be true or no.  
At the first glance 'tis fair!  
*Ang*. Most heavenly fair!  
*Isab*. Yet, in the lip, methinks, there lurks a shadow—  
Something—I know not what—but in it lies  
The devil you spoke of!

*Ang*. Ay—but 'tis not there!  
Not in her lip! Oh no! Look elsewhere for it.  
'Tis passionately bright—but lip more pure  
Ne'er passed unchallenged through the gate of heaven.  
Believe me, 'tis not there!

*Isab*. How falls the light?  
I see a gleam not quite angelical  
About the eye. Maybe the light falls wrong—  
*Angelo*. (drawing her to another position.)  
Stand here! Dye see it now?

*Isab*. 'Tis just so here!  
*Angelo*. (sweeping the air with his brush.)  
There's some curst cobweb hanging from the wall  
That blurs your sight. Now, look again!  
I see it

Just as before.  
*Ang*. What! still? You've turn'd an eyelash  
Under the lid. Try how it feels with winking.

*Is't clear?*  
*Isab*. 'Twas never clearer!  
*Ang*. Then, old man!  
You'd best betake you to your prayers again!  
For you've a falling sight, death's sure forerunner—  
And cannot pray long. Why, that eye's a star,  
Sky-lit as Hesperus, and burns as clear.  
If you e'er marked the zenith at high noon

Or midnight, when the blue lifts up to God—  
Her eye's of that far darkness!

*Isab. (smiling aside.)* Stay—'tis gone!  
A blur was on my sight, which, passing from it,  
I see as you do. Yes—the eye is clear.  
The forehead only, now I see so well,  
Has in its arch a mark infallible  
Of a false heart beneath it.

*Ang.* Show it to me!  
*Isab.* Between the eyebrows there!  
*Ang.* I see a tablet  
Whereon the Saviour's finger might have writ  
The new commandment. When I painted it  
I plucked a just-blown lotus from the shade,  
And shamed the white leaf till it secured a spot—  
The brow was so much fairer! Go! old man,  
Thy sight fails fast. Go! go!  
*Isab.* The nostril's small—  
Is't not?

*Ang. No!*  
*Isab.* Then the cheek's awry so near it,  
It makes it seem so!  
*Ang.* Out! thou cavilling fool!  
Thou'rt one of those whose own deformity  
Makes all thou seest look monstrous. Go and pray  
For a clear sight, and read thy misal with it:  
Thou art a priest and livest by the altar,  
Yet dost thou not recognize Heav'n's impress seal,  
Set on that glorious beauty!

*Isab. (aside.)* Oh, he loves me!

Before taking leave of Mr. Willis, we cannot but ask him, as an American writer, whether, if he mean fairly to enter the lists as a dramatist, he could not find subjects at home, more worthy, because more national, than those he has treated of. We would not have him seek them among the Sachems and the "Medicine Men," for we fear that the usages and conditions of the savage's life are not well suited to figure behind the foot-lights. But are there no legends, in which enough of hope, and despair, and resolution, of contrasted passion, and unconventional humour, would unfold itself, to make a tale of the days of the *Mayflower* presentable on the stage? no more quaint Dutch traditions, such a skilful "pencil" might weave into comedies, to show the young men of Manhattan how their solidly-built ancestors made love, and hid treasure, and were ruled by fears of the supernatural world, like children by the Ogres of a nursery tale?

*Preferment; or, My Uncle the Earl.* By Mrs. Gore. Colburn.

*The Courtier of the Days of Charles II.; and other Tales.* By the Author of 'Mrs. Armytage.' Paris: Galignani.

Mrs. GORE's frequent appearances before the public in her character of novelist, and the well-defined place she has taken among the contemporary writers of her class, would amply justify us, should we restrict our notice of the publications before us, to the simplest announcement. We have, and we can have, little new to add, in the way of criticism, to our recorded opinions concerning this lady's productions. We shall, therefore, avail ourselves of the space thus left at our disposal, to follow out some speculations heretofore hazarded on matters of far higher import.

The history of modern times is gradually assuming a new character. It has already ceased to be a mere narrative of battles and sieges, or a gossiping on the caprices of court favourites, and the intrigues of juggling state charlatans: every day the people themselves are becoming of greater account in their own history: their destinies are falling more into their own hands, and their modes of thinking consequently are more and more becoming events. The materials for future historians will not be exclusively sought in the meagre records of annalists, nor in the more productive collections of state papers. Whatever contributes to the portraiture of national manners, or assists in developing those mazes of impulse and sentiment, which we term public opinion, will be assiduously consulted; and even works of fiction, provided they be faithfully executed, and really reflect contemporary civilization in any of its aspects, will form authorities not to be overlooked without loss of lights otherwise unattainable. Under this aspect we are inclined to assign to Mrs. Gore's novels a

rather prominent place among the historical documents of the day; and we would bind her volumes up, with those of Mr. Dickens, the forthcoming reports of Chartist trials, and a few similar books of fact and fiction, as contributions towards an encyclopædia of the class-morality of the nation.

It is a commonly received opinion, which we have elsewhere noticed, that the existing rage for what may be called the picturesque of low life, is a natural consequence of the failing excitement of the worn-out fashionable novel; and to a certain extent this may be true. But neither the one nor the other could have attained to even a temporary popularity, had not their external forms been animated with something beyond the affectations of dowers and dandies, or the slang of "revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen." The subject-matter which constitutes the staple respectively of these works, could never have so stimulated the appetite of even the least critical portion of the public, without some salt of truth and of nature—some traits of things really existing in the hearts and minds of mankind, and bearing upon human interests. It is, indeed, the common characteristic of the best writers in those very opposite schools, that they do season their works with such traits; and that when they contrive to indulge in the merest trifling, they contrive to fix attention on something "rotten in the state" of society, which calls for reparation. By second-rate imitators, this essential has been generally overlooked; and their want of purpose has done more to bring discredit on the class, than the nauseating dullness of their insipid copyings.

To this our view of the subject, it is objected that the heroes and heroines of the fashionable novels are either extravagant caricatures, or at best individual portraits. We are perpetually reminded that the frequenters of Crockford's and Almack's—the celebrated of the *Morning Post* and of the *Court Journal*—are not the aristocracy of the country. But to this we reply, that the drift of these novels is not to be sought in the overt acts of vice which they accumulate, for effect, on the heads of one or more melodramatic villains, or low-comedy extravagants, but in the *ensemble* of thoughts, sentiments, impulses, and habits unconsciously betrayed in the conduct and conversations of all the representatives of the caste. Excesses are exceptional all the world over; and it would not be more absurd to estimate the morality of the people of England at large from the records of the Newgate Calendar, than to gauge that of the general aristocracy by the casualties of a gaming-house, or the proceedings in Doctors' Commons. Mrs. Gore, in 'Preferment,' speaking of one of her fashionable groups, observes, "For many years past they had erected for themselves so moderate a standard of morality, and even by that had so inadequately regulated their conduct, that their natural sense of right and wrong was depreciated—they could not conceive the existence of noble purposes or pure morality." In this consists the truth of her pictures—this is the real graven of the charge against the class. The more respectable of Mrs. Gore's personages are affectors of an excessive prudery concerning the decencies of life,—nay, occasionally of an exalted and mystical religious feeling. The business of their existence is to avoid the slightest breach of conventional decorum. Whatever, therefore, they do, is a fair and absolute measure of the prevailing opinions of the class, and may be regarded as not derogatory to their position in the eyes of their equals. But the low average standard of morality thus depicted, with its conventional distinctions, cannot be invented. It forms the atmosphere in which the parties live; and were it a fictitious compound, fabricated at

the author's pleasure, the beings who breathe it could not but be universally acknowledged as fantastical, and as mere monstrosities; they would, indeed, be incapable of acting in harmony and consistence with the known laws and usages of civil life. If the situations and dialogues of Mrs. Gore's novels be compared with these usages and laws, and with any of the records of the actual sayings and doings of high life,—such as a series of parliamentary reports, county meetings, race-course transactions, &c. they will be found, with a reasonable allowance of artistic colouring, to reflect accurately enough the notions current among the upper classes, respecting religion, politics, domestic morals, the social affections, and that coarse aggregate of dealing with our neighbours, which is embraced by the term common honesty.

It is this average morality of the aristocratic classes that chiefly concerns society at large. The specific overt acts of high life are as much out of the reach of imitation by inferiors, as its deportment and carriage. But a low standard of morality, an habitual disbelief in the noble and the generous, a disdain of all interests beyond the pale of caste, and an insensibility to the claims of our common humanity, are easily propagated among the middle classes. These are, in fact, traceable in their operation on the politics and the private conduct of the families of second and third rate gentility, descending by bound and rebound, till they influence the exterior even of merchants' clerks, and of the humblest of official subalterns.

If there be any the slightest truth in the charges brought against high society by such caustic satirists as Mrs. Gore,—and she is a writer who has neither been denied the faculty of observation, nor the opportunities for applying it,—the spread of such manners and morals in that portion of society which should mediate between the highest and the lowest, is an evil of great magnitude; and the evil is much increased by the ease with which it conceals itself under the prevalent zeal for party interests, or the mantle of a turbulent and ostentatious religion. It is not merely that the evil is thus hidden from observers, but that it is lost to the apprehension of the parties themselves,—that thousands are walking to their graves with consciences void of offence, and with the conviction that they are good and useful members of society; while, in fact, they are contributing with all their energy to its future disorganization.

Even in respect to the personages of these novels, and their presumed want of likeness to the class at large, there is some fallacy. It may be true, that the characters are often caricatures of a few eccentric individuals;—but are such beings isolated in nature? have they no adaptation to the externals in which they are placed? Does their very existence betoken no foregone conclusion? Look, for example, at the following full-length sketch of a "London man," drawn with so much force in the first of the two novels before us, and then judge whether there are, or not, great general truths to be extracted even from that phenomenon, distorted as it may be for the purposes of novel writing:—

"Harrington was a simple-hearted, strong-minded practical man; attached to his duties without any morbid misgivings touching his manner of discharging them. He meant well, acted up to his intentions, and trusted to the goodness of God to prosper his endeavours. Reared in a clerical house, the duties of a parish priest were the habits of his early life. Resolute in spirit, and properly conscious of the dignity of his functions without a grain of either spiritual or temporal pride, he was not the man whom his vestry ever attempted to bully, or aunt Rachel to harass. Harrington knew, in short, what he was about; and turned his knowledge to the best account, both for the profit of his parishioners and



the maintenance of his own comfort. Not half so popular as his predecessor, he was more respected. No one had ever dreamed of calling him Saint anything. He excited no enthusiasm,—he drew no crowd. —But his parishioners were diligent in their attendance at church; and went away satisfied that they had imbibed wholesome doctrines, instigating the Christian governance of their conduct in life. 'I had some difficulty in bringing down their appetite to my wheaten bread, after you had dieted them so long on cakes and ale,' said Harrington, good-humouredly to his brother-in-law; 'but convinced that such bread is the staff of life, I persevered till they were persuaded to be satisfied. They loved you better, my dear Egerton, than they will ever love me, and were, perhaps, prouder of you; but I suspect my influence over their conduct is stronger than yours. My churchwardens are grown as mute as mice; and Window Smyth gets all the opodeldoo needful, without setting the guardian of the poor into a commotion. But Sir Thomas and Lady Smyth, and the fine visitors at Helstone Park, attend service in the adjoining parish; and I blush to say that not a single carriage has drawn up to the church-gate, since your departure from Helstone!' 'You are in the right path,' said Julius, earnestly, in reply. 'It is not of your own illustration you are thinking, either in the pulpit or elsewhere. Go on, and prosper.'

It is curious enough, that they who deny the general truthfulness of such delineations of high life, are eager to seek, from among the personages of the story, and to identify, the portraits of particular living individuals. It will readily be admitted, that if these portraits were not accurate, they would not be recognizable: but it is just the same with the imaginary pictures; if they resemble no one, how can they be distinguished and ticketed by the reader?

In the novel of 'Preferment' there is no single combination which, taken by itself, might not have been copied from the common course of the life it pretends to represent. Every separate fact has occurred again and again; every trait of character may be recognized as an old acquaintance. Indeed, the fault of the work, as a piece of fictitious narrative, is, that it contains no story, no adventure; that it is a detail of the ordinary combinations of drawing-room society. It is, in fact, a mere dialogued essay on the evils of dependence—on the injury the church receives from its connexion with the aristocracy and the state, and on the opposed evils of the slavish and cunning hunter after promotion in the church, and of the over-excited enthusiast, whose zeal is not governed by discretion;—will any one say that such characters have no existence in real life, or that there is no existing society calculated to cherish and develop them? Julius Egerton, the victim of "preferment," is exposed to the bad influences which generate each of these characters. Inflamed, during a period of neglect, by inherent ambition, into a preternatural glow of religious feeling, he subsequently feels the corrupting influence of dependence; and he fails in his vocation from both causes. In the scene of his earlier action he is succeeded, as curate, by a more worldly-minded, but a sounder clergyman; and we would ask, is there no pregnant truth in the following contrast?

"An egotist to the utmost extent of modern selfishness, Adolphus had proceeded to college. Aware that the thousand a year which had enabled his brother to make a foolish marriage would entitle him to embark in the inviting career of a man about town, he hastened to complete his education at Christ Church; quitting the university just in time to avoid expulsion, with the renouva of being the best judge of a horse and the best whist-player of his years ever launched from the bosom of alma mater. On the day which entitled him to receive his fortune and compelled him to pay his I. O. U.s, he fulfilled a promise he had often repeated to himself, of sinking the other moiety in a life rent. From that period,

the wild hot-headed Adolphus Egerton tamed himself down into a cold, methodical roué. It was impossible to conceive anything more systematic than his libertinism. His hours and habits, irregular as they would have appeared to his brother William or some country cousin, were as periodical as the changes of the moon. No barrister kept his terms more punctually than Adolphus his Newmarket engagements; no housekeeper more correctly her book of family accounts than Adolphus his small betting-book. The consequence was, that among the sporting men of the day Egerton had acquired the name of a very steady fellow; and among women of fashion, of a very safe man. He was the *affidé* of half-a-dozen houses, forming an agreeable relief to his club-life; and had made for himself a position in the London world far exceeding that to which he was entitled as younger son of Lord Tiverton. At five-and-forty, Adolphus Egerton exhibited that hard, withered look, exclusively characteristic of the London man. Face, features, gait, costume, all were drilled into such perfect artificiality, that it seemed scarcely possible the well-bred automaton should at any moment be subjected to the ordinary impulses of nature. Such was the individual who was looking forward with some degree of interest to Dick Egerton's debut in London life. His elder nephew was little or nothing to him. Lord Egerton naturally succeeded to Lord Egerton. His public career was chalked out,—to vote the address in parliament with a neat little speech, then subside discreetly into a vote; and after a few seasons in town, fall a victim to some judicious mamma, and marry for the perpetuation of Earls of Tiverton;—his tailor, coachmaker, and some broken-hearted girl, being paid off by his father by way of bribe, to determine his settlement in life. But to Adolphus Egerton, Dick [a younger brother like himself] was the natural heir;—heir to all that his well-calculated thrift left him the power of bequeathing,—his niche in the great pyramid of London life, and his privileges as a man about town. Every experienced artist has secrets to bequeath to his successors, and the more generous professors are usually observed to single out some promising pupil, to whom they impart in their latter years the mysteries of their calling. Adolphus Egerton was fortunate in so talented an acolyte as his younger nephew, to perfect whose education was a pleasure as well as a duty. He was gratified to find Lord Egerton turn out well-bred, and well-dressed,—exclusively occupied with himself and the desire of doing exactly the right thing in exactly the right way, without falling into the flagrant tigersisms recently introduced, to the detriment of the classical school of dandyism. But in Dick Egerton's well-doing he took a personal pride. Adolphus had, in fact, cherished occasional misgivings that the legitimate school, of which he was so distinguished a professor, was on the decline, and the temple of fine gentlemanism, reared under the auspices of Carlton House, tottering to its fall. Of the great men illustrating the dandy epoch of his youth,

Every bright name that shed  
Light o'er the land was fled;

Some were in exile—some in the grave;—some at Calais—some at Coventry;—some married to *divorcées* and estranged from female society,—some to country heiresses, and lost to male. George Robins had disposed of the paraphernalia of a dozen or so, whose place remembered them no longer,—whose snuff-boxes were dispersed among the curiosity shops,—whose travelling-carriages had been bought cheap by retired haberdashers,—whose names were forgotten amid their daily haunts and ancient neighbourhood, except in the defaulter-lists of the clubs. Some were showing their withered faces and knocking knees at Paris,—some at Florence,—some at Naples,—some concealing them in more obscure retreats. But of the illustrious group in which he had emerged from obscurity in the days when George IV. was regent, and Regent Street Swallow Street,—scarcely a trace remained to keep up tradition of the good old times. In 'Dicky Edge,' however, Adolphus Egerton fancied he saw promise of revival. There was a callousness about him that excited expectations. As Cardinal Mazarin said of another illustrious cardinal, in his boy days, 'Il y avait de l'avenir dans ce petit faquin là.' The uncle accordingly resolved that the nephew should profit by his experience, and live unharmed by the heartaches and headaches entailed upon him-

self by early excesses, as well as by the recollection of having dissipated half his fortune ere he possessed faculties for its enjoyment. Dick should never be made to lament, with Byron, that he had

Squandered his whole summer ere 'twas prime.

His soul and his digestion should remain unimpaired. At sixty, he should be able to sup on lobster salad without a qualm; and calculate, without so much as knitting his brow, the cards out in the tenth round of the sixteenth rubber. He should be the old Parr of St. James's Street;—the Titian Vecelli of the Carltonian School of Art."

Such is the sort of truth to be found in every clever representation of fictitious narrative; and as far as that goes, we are disposed to attach as much credit to the pictures of Mrs. Gore, or Mr. Dickens, as to the Reports of the Commissioners on Poor Laws, the Constabulary Force, or any other paid collectors of the facts and opinions prevalent among our countrymen. Taking the sum of evidence derived from these sources, and adding to it that which may be inferred from the change which is going forward in the literary tastes of the great body of English readers, we must say that the result is anything but flattering to either the national character or prospects. On the one hand, coldness, hardness, selfishness, the absence of all philosophy, and its consequent inapprehensiveness of cause and effect;—on the other, poverty, ignorance, and crime;—and between these extremes, a middle class absorbed in the never-ending business of money-making, and profoundly ignorant of all beyond it. Can a system, of which these are the elements, be said to work well? Is it worthy to be called civilization? is it satisfactory? is it safe?

*The Comic Latin Grammar; or a Facetious Introduction to the Latin Tongue, for the use and amusement of School-boys.* Tilt.

CLASSICAL students are a laughter-loving race; they contrive to extract merriment from themes which to the uninitiated are no joke; their wit, like wine, is all the better for age, and their jests seem to acquire freshness by repetition: Cicero's bad puns are sure to shake the sides of grave professors, even when heard for the thousandth time; an apt quotation from Horace will set the commons-table in a roar, where all clap hands and applaud an epigram from Martial or the Anthology. Men whose hearts are so light, and whose mirth is so easily moved, were likely to make a discovery, which we who are harnessed in the active toils of life could scarcely have found out; they may be led to conclude with our author, that the world is a very merry world after all, and that our age, in spite of its prosaic and utilitarian aspect, is verily an age of comicality. We wish that we could be persuaded of the fact—that we could close our ears against the Solomons, who weary echo by exclaiming "of mirth, what is it? and of laughter it is madness!" We fear that now, as of old, *res sunt humanæ flebile ludibrium*: but let us hasten to Democritus:—

"The truth is, that people are tired of crying, and find it much more agreeable to laugh. The sublime is out of fashion; the ridiculous is in vogue. A turn-up nose is now a more interesting object than a turn-down collar; and if it should be urged that the flowing locks of our young men are indicative of sentimentality by their length, let it be remembered that they are in general quite unaccompanied by a corresponding quality of face. It has been said that the schoolmaster is abroad;—true; but he is walking arm in arm with the Merry-Andrew; and the members, presidents, and secretaries of mechanics' institutions, and associations for the advancement of everything, follow in his train. Nothing can be taught that is not palatable, and nothing is now palatable but what is funny."

Acting on this principle, the author has aimed at introducing fun into the most repulsive of all

subjects, Latin grammar; and we shall follow him with equal readiness through his *utile* and his *dulce*. He begins by stating—

"Of Latin there are three kinds: Latin Proper, or good Latin; Dog Latin; and Thieves' Latin. Latin Proper, or good Latin, is the language which was spoken by the ancient Romans. Dog Latin is the Latin in which boys compose their first verses and themes, and which is occasionally employed at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, but much more frequently at Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. It includes Medical Latin, and Law Latin; though these, to the unlearned, generally appear Greek. Mens tuus ego—mind your eye. Illic vadiis cum oculo tuo ex—there you go with your eye out. Quomodo est mater tua?—how's your mother? Fiat haustus ter die capiendus—let a draught be made, to be taken three times a day. Bona et catalla—goods and chattels—are examples."

In this classification three important species are omitted, Waterproof, Macaronic and Swiftian Latin, the nature of which will be best understood by examples. Waterproof Latin, so called because always spoken under the influence of wine, is a factitious language belonging to eccentric clubs, fellows' rooms, and the symposia of prize-men; it is an odd compound of Tully and Hood. For example, "Da mihi tuum omne ut totum faciam"—that is "Lend me your all to make a whole." Specimens of this are rare and eagerly sought after. Macaronic Latin is also factitious, and is no unusual relaxation of scholars; it is generally of a poetic form, as in the account of Dublin and its vicinity, written by an eminent prelate—

Vidi duos tinkeros pugnant in Donnybrook fairo  
Fistibus ac fastibus, &c.

Of Swiftian Latin, so named from its inventor, is an example:

Die heris agro tana quarto finale  
Fora nugat ure nos ana stringat ure tale!

We humbly submit that these species ought not to have been omitted in the Comic Grammar. The account given of cases is not quite satisfactory:—

"Nouns have six cases in each number, (that is, six of one and half a dozen of the other) but can only be put in one of them at a time. They are thus ticketed—nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, vocative, and ablative."

Cases are the different terminations or ends of nouns; they cannot be in two numbers at a time, because it is confessedly impossible for scholars or others to make both ends meet. It is a mistake to say that the genders in Latin are distinguished by articles, for the Latin language has none; old grammarians indeed asserted, that it borrowed them from the pronoun, but Dr. Gull-crammer has clearly demonstrated that it was a Greek loan. The author's conclusion on the subject is however indisputable:—

"After all, there is no rule in the Latin language about gender so comprehensive as that observed in Hampshire, where they call everything *he* but a tom-cat, and that *she*."

Proceeding to the verbs, we are not quite satisfied with the account given of the infinitive mood:—

"The infinitive mood is like a gentleman's cab, because it has no number. We have not made up our minds exactly, whether to compare it to the 'picture of nobody' mentioned in the Tempest, or to the 'picture of ugliness,' which young ladies generally call their successful rivals. It may be like one, or the other, or both, because it has no person. Neither has it a nominative case before it; nor, indeed, has it any more business with one than a toad has with a side pocket."

Like the straight canal denominated the Serpentine River, the Infinitive Mood is named by the rule of contrary, because it is the most definite form of the verb, and gives its signification in a substantive shape. It has no number, person, or case, because it is itself a number, person and case; it is just the distinction be-

tween being a goose and having a goose, which is a difference well understood on Michaelmas day.

The Gerunds have been better explained by Parson than by anybody else; he refers them to the history of the queen of Carthage and the prince of Troy, in a memorable couplet—

When Dido found Æneas would not come,  
She mourn'd in silence, and was *di do dum*.

The proposal to teach the Latin conjugations by the aid of English rhymes is not quite original. In our school-boy days, the tense or time of which is more than perfectly past, the præter-pluperfect tense was given in the mnemonic verses—

Ego amaveram  
I had a black ram  
Tu amaveras  
You may feed him upon grass  
Ille amaverat  
He will then grow fat,  
&c. &c. &c.

This combination of grammar and sheep feeding we recommend to the consideration of the author. Among the examples of ludicrous translation, we miss Swift's version of—

Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam.

"You have a Roman nose, deuce take your nose and the whole race of chaplains."

And the following from an unknown author:

Contigere omnes intemque ora tenebant,  
"They were all county Kerry-men, and had shovels on their shoulders."

The author is not very felicitous in his illustrations of the rules of Syntax; he is more anxious to select examples as pegs upon which he may hang his opinions of men and things. In one instance he becomes serious, and points out an abuse in education, the fagging system, with brief but just indignation:—

"What boy is more to be pitied than a junior boy? The Fagin system described in Oliver Twist is nothing compared to that adopted in public schools. People may say what they will of the beneficial effect which it produces on the minds of those who are subjected to it—we contend that to breed a gentleman's son up like a tiger is the readiest way to make a beast of him."

The chapter on Prosody appears a failure; those who are acquainted with the grave absurdity of the treatise perpetrated by the Jesuit Alvarez, can never hope to find a richer treat; his personification of radical words as parents, and derivative as children, and his analysis of the laws of verbal inheritance, leave all imitators at an humble distance.

We have been amused with this Grammar, and hope that the author will fulfil his promise of carrying the spirit of fun into other dry subjects. We must, however, give him one word of warning: in works designed for the young, there are certain jests which cannot safely be admitted; the most unscrupulous of ancient satirists has recorded, "Maxima debetur pueris reverentia."

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Palmario; or, the Merchant of Genoa*, 3 vols., by the Author of 'Tales of an Arctic Voyager.'—Genoa in the thirteenth century affords rich materials for romance—"its merchants were princes, and its traffickers the honourable of the earth;" the adventurous spirit of its traders, the factious ambition of its nobles, the bursts of passion in its fierce democracy, contrasted with the patient researches of its scholars and monastics, who plodded their way through the lumber of centuries, as if all the stir around them was but an idle waste of time, might, if combined by a master of fiction, furnish a strange and interesting picture of life in the Middle Ages. The author of the volumes before us has shown industry in collecting his materials, and some skill in their arrangement; but he has not caught the spirit of the period he attempts to delineate; and though many scenes may be quoted sufficiently characteristic of the age and country, yet, as a whole, the work wants individuality.—most of its characters, and most of its events, might belong to any country and any time.

*Palmario* is a Genoese merchant, whose uninterrupted course of prosperity has procured him the surname of *Fortunate*. The flame of valour is added to that of commercial success, for while in the south of Italy he aids in defeating an invasion of the Saracens. At the moment, however, when his cup of bliss is filled to overflowing by successful love, he is attacked by a series of reverses, "enough to press a royal merchant down," and not less fatal and rapid than those which overwhelmed the fortunes of Antonio. After three years of misery, his nephew, whom he had sent on an exploring expedition, returns, having anticipated Columbus in the discovery of America, with a cargo of gold and jewels, by which *Palmario* becomes richer than ever. Connected with the story is an account of a journey through Northern Africa by the philosopher *Pelago*, which is well designed, but feebly executed. The author's original intention appears to have been, to present such an account of Africa as Sir John Mandeville has given of Asia—a mixture of facts, guesses, and misapprehensions, arising from a predetermination to find all the fabulous monsters of antiquity in distant lands. He has, however, merely given such an outline as might be compiled from modern travellers, and thus quite lost the character of the twelfth century. The notes are valuable,—indeed, they give a far better idea of the social condition of Italy at the time than the text. Had this work, like *Palgrave's* 'Merchant and Friar,' avoided modern conceptions and explanations, it would have been a valuable addition to the library of Historical Fiction; but the author has not been able to maintain the necessary consistency either in the characters or the adventures.

*Henry of Guise*, by G. P. R. James, Esq., 3 vols.—We consider this as the best of Mr. James's recent historical novels, and equal to those earlier works by which he won his reputation as a chronicler of knightly achievements and honourable sentiments. Any fine or subtle tracing of character the reader of his tales is, by this time, prepared to dispense with: indeed, Mr. James warns us in his preface, that he intends not to fathom or discuss the motives which actuated his hero, when, on the 12th May, 1588, the famous day of the barricades, he had "the crown of France within his grasp, and did not close his hand,"—but merely to narrate how the events took place. Setting aside then all higher considerations, there is good store of adventure, courage, love, and rivalry in this novel: besides the hero, we are shown Henry III. of France, and Catherine de' Medici, a woman too inscrutable in the motives which guided her dark ambition to be very tractable in the hands of a romance writer—and René de Villeguier, that fiend-like favourite of the king, who is said to have murdered his wife and her female attendant, because she would not bend herself to his libertine sycophancy. We have also some of the heads of the League, and, in one scene only, Madame de Noirmoutier, the mistress of Henry of Guise—for Mr. James also announces in his preface that his principles, as a romancer, forbade him to exhibit the frail lady more prominently. Among the mere creation of the author's brain, who nevertheless support the frame-work of the plot, we must mention Charles de Montsoreau, the hero, and Gaspar his elder brother,—the two alike occupied in pursuit of Marie de Clairvaut, niece of Henry of Guise, a delicate and pleasing character, prudent only that she may melt at the right time and to the right person—also the Abbé de Boisguenier, the Jesuitical tutor of the brothers, whose supernatural duplicity, concealed for so long a series of years, Mr. James's taste should have rejected as a worn-out property, belonging to the Schedonis of the Minerva Press. As a whole, however, the interest of the tale does not flag—and the shadow thrown over its close by the assassination of its historical hero, is relieved by the sunshine of happiness which gladdens the lovers, and in which gentle readers like to solace themselves at the end of a long and exciting career.

*An Apology for Cathedral Service*.—A strange theological olio, but not without speculation and interest, commencing with a defence of the Cathedral service and chanting, digressing into attacks on methodists and papists,—the Ecclesiastical Commission and the British Association,—Professor Sedgwick, Dr. Buckland and Lord Grey,—infant-schools, Webster's Dictionary, musical festivals, quaker-privileges, punch-



drinking, rail-road travelling, and sundry other topics equally connected with the professed subject—and to crown the whole, concluding with a prayer for the deliverance of

Our heavenly Una from her spotted Lamb.

*The Bijou Almanack for 1840.*—Though we could not take up this fairy volume without sad remembrances, still the work itself is no less entitled to patronage than when graced by the pen of Miss London, to whose memory the new editor, Mr. Lover, devotes a few verses:—

How many the tear will shed,  
When on this page they look,  
And thy cold doom is read  
In thine own tiny book.

The little gem, while thine,  
With graceful joy was bright,  
The tearful task is mine,  
With grief to dim its light.

The little work contains portraits of the Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Madame Persiani, Thomas Moore, Sir M. A. Shee, and Mr. Macready; and, as a grace beyond the word of promise, Mr. Schloss presents to each purchaser a portrait of H.R.H. Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg. We shall quote the verses to Persiani as a specimen how Mr. Lover has executed his somewhat difficult task:—

Music's melodious daughter!

Where did she learn her lay?

Was it some lark that taught her,

When, winging to welcome the day,

He soars in his circles of music bright,  
As though with his song he would rival the light?

Music's melodious daughter!

Ofst as I hear thee sing,

I think of that magic water,

Which rose from the fabled spring,

Gushing in sparkling melody:—  
That fairy fount was a type of thee!

*Spirit of the Metropolitan Conservative Press.* 2 vols.—Here we have a selection from the leading articles of the London Conservative journals, in two substantial octavo volumes, containing about a thousand pages. The reader will judge for himself how far such a work is likely to suit his tastes.

*Phonography, Logography, and Musicography.*—An ingenious attempt to form a philosophic alphabet of sounds.

*Forgotten Facts in the Memoirs of Charles Mathews,* by S. J. Arnold, Esq.—In the Memoirs of her late husband, Mrs. Mathews has led the reader to infer that Mr. Arnold took an ungenerous advantage of Mr. Mathews in the engagement entered into respecting the 'At Home.' To this charge Mr. Arnold here replies; and the reply would have been conclusive with us, had he simply published the 'agreement'—from which it appears that he was to be at all the expenses of the theatre, to pay authors, travelling expenses, &c., and to secure to Mr. Mathews an annuity of 1,000*l.* per annum for life! on condition that he, Mr. Arnold, should receive the profits for seven years. Now when it is remembered that the proposed exhibition was a novelty—a mere speculation, and that 1,000*l.* a year, for life, was equivalent to a salary of 3,500*l.* a year for the seven years, the reader, we think, will wonder at the liberality, or rather temerity of the speculating manager.

*Almanacks.*—We have given a separate notice of *The Bijou*,—far too delicate and drawing-room a thing to be huddled together with the common working-day almanacks. Another gay trifler of this class is *Pawsey's Ladies' Repository*, a pocket-book after the old fashion, with poetry, enigmas, charades, prizes for their solution, and pictorial embellishments; one of which—Playford Hall, the seat of Thomas Clarkson—will be more than usually attractive. To these we may add, as published since our last notice, *An Astronomical and Commercial Almanack*, by Mr. J. Rowbotham, and *The New Weather and General Almanack*, by A. Kenchen. We have also received from Germany *The Deutschen Volks Kalender*, a work which, for cheapness, fulness of information, and prodigality of illustration, we cannot hope to see rivalled in England. In addition to all the customary information, it contains a supplement of 184 pages of miscellaneous reading, illustrated by 100 wood-cuts, many of which are as admirable in execution as in design: we must instance those which accompany the story of *Eulenspiegel*, and the heads of an old man and old woman (pp. 44, 46), which have almost the freedom and clearness of etchings.

*List of New Books.*—Maxwell's Life of the Duke of Wellington, Vol. 1. 8vo. cl. 21*s.*, royal 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches, 2 vols. demy 8vo. cl. 21*s.*—Memoirs of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, 2 vols. 8vo. cl.—Archbold's Common Law Practice, by Chitty, Vol. 1. 8vo. bds. 2 vols. 2*l.* 2*s.*—Chitty's Forms, 5th edit. 2 parts, 8vo. bds. 21*s.*—Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare, by R. Hon. T. P. Courteney, 2 vols. post 8vo. cl. 18*s.*—The Marine Officer, or Sketches of Service, by Sir R. Steele, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.* bds.—Doyle's Practical Husbandry, 8vo. cl. 12*s.*—Dr. Golding Bird's Elements of Natural Philosophy, post 8vo. cl. 12*s.*—Billard on Diseases of Infants, translated by Dr. Stewart, 8vo. cl. 14*s.*—Ramsay's Views in Renfrewshire, 4to. 30 plates, small paper, 21*s.* cl., large paper, 2*l.* 2*s.* cl.—Comic Latin Grammar, crown 8vo. cl. 8*s.*—Tytus's Illustrated Napoleon, 2nd Division, royal 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Milner's History of Winchester, new edit. 2 vols. royal 8vo. cl. 24*s.*—The Yorkshire Kalender, or Pocket-Book for 1840, roan tuck, 4*s.*, cloth, 3*s.*, common, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Woman, &c. by Alexander Walker, 2nd edit. 8*s.* 8vo. cl.—Smith's Discovery of America, crown 8vo. cl. 8*s.* 6*d.*—Earl's Voyages of the Douga, along the Southern Coast of Guinea, 8vo. cl. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Bacchus, a Prize Essay on the Nature, Causes, &c. of Intemperance, 12mo. cl. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Campbell's British India, in its Relation to the Decline of Hindooism, &c. 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Goethe's Faust, Part II. by L. J. Bernays, 8vo. cl. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Lingard's England, Vol. XIII. 12mo. cl. 5*s.*—The Trials of Margaret Lindsay, new edit. 6*s.* 6*d.*—The Death of Demosthenes, and other Poems, by G. C. Fox, Esq. 8*s.* 12mo. cl.—Massacre of the Bards, and other Poems, by Henry Gilpin, 12mo. cl. gilt 5*s.*—The Family which Jesus Loved, Seventeen Lectures, by Haldane Stewart, 12mo. cl. 6*s.*—Leach's Introduction to the London Pharmacopœia, 3rd edit. 18mo. cl. 5*s.*—Thomson's Sacramental Addresses, 8vo. cl. 5*s.*—Blomfield's Manual of Private Devotion, new edit. royal 32mo. cl. 1*s.* 3*d.*—Schloss's English Bijou Almanack, 1840, with Miniature Portrait of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, 1*s.* 6*d.* plain, 1*s.* 6*d.* morocco; Eye-glasses to ditto, 1*s.* 6*d.*—The Field of the Cloth of Gold of Eglintoun, by H. Curling, post 8vo. cl. 3*s.*—Self-Control, by Mrs. Brunton, people's edit. 8vo. swd. 2*s.* 2*d.*—Maclehose's New Picture of Sydney, and Stranger's Guide in New South Wales for 1839, 7*s.* 12mo. bds.—The New South Wales and Port Phillip Post Office Directory for 1839, 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Latin Syntax and Delectus, 12mo. sheep, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Hobart's Ordination Questions and Answers, 12mo. cl. 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Blessing of Peace, 32mo. 1*s.* cl.—The Moravian Mission in North America, 8vo. cl. 4*s.*—Cotterill's Youthful Piety Exemplified, 18mo. cl. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Little Mary, or God in Everything, 2 parts, 18mo. cl. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Historical, Moral, and Weather Almanack, 1840, 1*s.* 12mo. swd.—Mudie's Domesticated Animals, 6*s.* cl. 5*s.*—Woodward's Glimpse of Glory, 18mo. cl. 3*s.*—Hamilton's Family Ledger, post 8vo. cl. 2*s.*—Court Mystery Unveiled, 8vo. swd. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Easy Lessons for Schools, 18mo. swd. Part I. 6*d.* 3rd edit.—New Almanack for 1840, by Porter, 6*d.*—Shewell's Housekeeper's Manual, 1*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Buds of Poesy, being Poetical Effusions of a Youth, 32mo. cl. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Hymns for the Cottage, 32mo. 6*d.* cl. gilt.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—LETTERS ON PALESTINE, by the Rev. J. D. Paxton, will be ready for Delivery on Monday next, November 23. The price has been by mistake announced as 8*s.* 6*d.*, instead of 6*s.*—C. Tilt, Fleet-street.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

DURING the pause which autumn never fails to bring in our musical performances, certain of our critics have been occupying themselves in discussing the controversy started by M. Jules Maurel, concerning the real merits of Mozart as a composer. This paper war, we regret to say, has been carried on with more coarseness than understanding, for the subject is one of great interest, and worthy of dispassionate consideration. As far as we read the several papers, it seems that each party has contented itself with flat assertion and flat denial, and taken neither the time, nor temper requisite for that comparison and analysis, by which alone can be rightly determined the pedestal-height which the departed genius is to occupy in Fame's "Pantheon." It is, of course, impossible, in a mere paragraph, to do more than allude to the question; and if we venture one remark, it is to excite the attention of others, and not because we fancy the kernel of the argument contained therein: but it has often appeared to us, that, in the transcendental praise lavished upon Mozart, versatility of effort has been mistaken for versatility of genius—claiming which for him, certain of his idolators have called him the Shakspeare of music; and because he has written under every form and in every character, it has been taken for granted, that he possessed that variety of mood which, when indeed displayed, determines, beyond all doubt, the supremacy of an artist. How stands the case with Mozart? Is there not one style of melody—one harmonic plan—one close (as discernible as the flimsier four final notes of Rossini's *Arie*)—one tone of rich and tender melancholy—pervading, with little exception, the whole mass of his vocal and instrumental compositions? The further we make acquaintance with them, the more we are disposed to believe that such

is the case. Possibly we may have an opportunity of entering into the whole difficult question, on some future occasion.

A rumour has been for some time current, that M. Aguado, the well-known capitalist of Paris,—whose gallery of Spanish pictures has of late been such an attraction to travellers,—not contented with having obtained for a society, of which he is principal mover, the French and Italian Operas at Paris, is in treaty for the purchase of that much-litigated property, styled Her Majesty's Theatre. We cannot but wish him success; believing, as we do, that our hopes of an Opera, which would alike content the fashionables and the musical *cognoscenti*, (two classes diametrically opposed to each other,) rest, at present, upon such a correspondence between the *spectacles* of Paris being intimately and permanently established. While discussing musical matters, we may state that a Correspondent in Germany mentions a grand Symphony of a novel kind which has just been completed by Spohr, entitled 'The Four Epochs,' and divided into four parts, each of which is designed to exhibit the characteristics of a distinct period of German instrumental music. The first represents the music of Handel's time; the second, that of Mozart and his school; the third is imitative of Beethoven and his contemporaries; and the fourth professes to characterize the music of the present day.

Our readers will regret to hear of the death of John Lander, who, in 1830, accompanied his brother Richard on his African expedition, and the narrative of whose adventurous journey was published in 1832—(*Athen.* Nos. 230-1). Richard, it will be remembered, subsequently embarked with Mr. Laird on a trading speculation up the river (*Athen.* Nos. 508-9), and died soon after his return. John was appointed to a situation in the Customs, but it is believed that he never recovered from the effects of his exertions and his sufferings.

A letter has been received from Captain Dumont d'Urville, of the *Astrolabe*, dated from the island of Mindanao, 30th of July, 1839, and containing the following passages:—"Our navigation, since the 2nd of July, the day of our departure from Singapore, has been fertile in results. We have touched at Sambas, in the island of Borneo; closely reconnoitred the islands of Natunas, Balambangan, Banguey, and the northern portion of Borneo. Finally, we have passed four days in the road of Soooloo. The people of these several places have acquired, from our communications, clearer notions in relation to the flag and power of France: they desire much to see the rest of our ships. I am about to spend a week at Samboangan. I shall depart thence on the 6th of August, and reckon on reaching Port Jackson about the middle of December. The labours which the expedition has already achieved far surpass what I could have expected: they form a mass really incalculable."

This seems to be the golden age for artists in Paris. The monuments of all sorts, in course of construction or embellishment, find them ample occupation; and palaces and temples are alike enriched with their productions. Amongst the various labours of the kind in progress, is one which is attracting peculiar notice. An Italian, named Ragneri, is engaged in painting in *fresco* the hemicyle of Saint-Nicolas-du-Chardonnet. Admission is given to all artists to view his labours, as to a school; and this Italian style of painting is expected to come into extensive practice in the decoration of churches. The Place de la Concorde will soon be one of the most richly embellished, as it has long been one of the finest sites, in the world. Statues and fountains are springing up on every hand. The huge pedestals which encumbered the Pont de la Concorde are in course of demolition; and will be replaced by others better harmonizing with the graceful architecture of the bridge, and supporting candelabras for gas-lights, in such manner as to connect the Palace of the Legislative Body with the general system of decoration, having for its extreme points the Tuilleries and the arch of the *Étoile* in one direction, and on the other Magdalen and the façade of the Palais Bourbon. The fine fountain on the Place de l'Opéra is likewise completed; and the play of its waters, which gush at once from four springs, representing the Seine, the Saône, the Garonne, and the Loire, has been tried in presence of the Prefet of the Seine. Near to this

fountain will be erected the monument to Molière, towards which the Minister of the Interior has given a sum of twenty thousand francs, and marble to the value of ten thousand more. We may also add, that the Civil List has given commissions to the artists of Paris for copies of pictures by the great masters, to be sent to the churches and museums of the departments. It must be manifest, after this, that if the arts are not progressing in France, it is not for want of the encouragement of patronage.

The French papers tell us that letters from Pesh are full of the sensation created there by Prince Puckler Muskau, his graceful and condescending manners, his twelve magnificent Arabian horses, his little black jockey, and his beautiful Abyssinian slave, who accompanies his Highness to all public places. We learn from the same authority that the Prince's hereditary estates in Muskau are to be made over to his friend Mehemed Ali, on the following conditions: His Highness is to assume the title of a Pacha of three Tails, to receive yearly 20,000 purses, and to be put in possession of a Chiosh upon the Nile. His travels in different countries are to be translated into Arabic, Coptic, and Armenian, and 100,000 copies taken. The Pacha of Egypt also undertakes to deliver to the German Prince, either sixty camels, or twenty women for his harem, and to order every one to address him by the titles of "Meteor of Wisdom" and "Rainbow of Beauty." Of course there can be no doubt of this intelligence, especially as it is added that Mehemed Ali, desirous of increasing the number of his western possessions, is at the same time negotiating for the purchase of the Capitol at Rome. To these well authenticated facts we may add a report that Georges Sand (Mad. Dudevant) lately passed through Lyons, on her way to a Trappist convent at Aiguebelles, to which she was about to retire.

The Essay, by M. Guizot, on the American War and the Character of Washington, to which our Paris Correspondent referred last week, owes its origin, it appears, to a direct request from a commission of members of the Congress of the United States. Congress having determined on the publication of so much of the voluminous correspondence of Washington as might give the best idea of his character, genius, and share in the revolution, (as the noblest monument which the country could raise to the greatest of her sons,) appointed the commission to select and arrange the materials for that purpose. Being anxious that the publication should appear simultaneously in France, the committee applied to M. Guizot to undertake its superintendence in that country; and the Essay on Washington and the War of Independence was volunteered by himself, as a completion to the great international work.

M. Berryer is, it seems, a candidate for the seat in the Academy, vacant by the death of M. Michaud, and with considerable prospects of success. M. Victor Hugo is still expected by his friends to come forward, although the discouragement of two former failures, and the pretensions of M. Berryer, have chilled his confidence and checked his exertions.

A friend travelling through Belgium and the Rhinish provinces of Prussia thus writes to us. "There is everywhere manifest a desire to repair the beautiful gothic structures so richly scattered over these countries. The Prussian government, as you probably know, has consented to appropriate a sum of money annually towards the building, or rather, for the amount is too small for any other purpose, the preservation of that unique gem the Cathedral at Cologne.—(see letter of a former correspondent, No. 509). At Brussels and Antwerp workmen are employed in renewing the exterior ornaments of the cathedrals. At Louvaine, the Hotel de Ville is under repair. At Liege, the interior of the principal church (St. Lambert) is about to be repaired, the frescoes, hitherto concealed by whitewash, to be revealed, and the beautiful roof to be revived and re-gilt. The stone at Cologne, and, I believe, at Louvaine, is steeped in boiling oil before it is put up, in order the better to withstand the influence of the weather."

Madame Émile de Girardin, whose husband has been so long connected with journalism in France, has been exciting a sensation by the production of a comedy, called 'L'Ecole des Journalistes.' Madame de Girardin belongs, both by birth and marriage, to the family of literature, being the daughter of Ma-

dame Gay, the author of 'Un Mariage sous l'Empire,' and other well-known works; and has a claim to the honours of literature in her own right, as a poetess of some distinction, and the authoress in prose of 'La Canne de M. de Balzac.' In her present comedy, the political opponents of her husband, and M. Thiers amongst the rest, are said to be roughly but cleverly treated; a proceeding, under all the circumstances, not the most decent, particularly where a lady is the attacking party.

#### DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

This Establishment will be CLOSED for the Season, on SATURDAY, the 30th instant.—The Pictures now exhibiting represent the CORONATION of HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, in Westminster Abbey, and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at Florence, with all the effects of Light and Shade from Noon till Midnight. Both Paintings are by LE CHEVALIER BOUTON.—Open from Ten till Four.

#### SPLENDID EXHIBITION.

ROYAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, ADLAIDE STREET, WEST STRAND.

THE DAGUERRETYPE.—The beautiful specimens of this highly-interesting Art, produced in Paris by M. Daguerre himself, will in future be exhibited WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE, as long as they remain in this Institution. Steam Gun, Electrical Bell, Microscope, &c. as usual. Open Daily at 10, A.M.—Admittance to the whole Exhibition, 1s.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

The meetings of the Society commenced on Thursday, November 21. The Marquis of Northampton, President, in the chair.—The time of the meeting was wholly occupied in the reading of the minutes, which included an account of the substance of the ten papers which were brought before the Society at their last meeting (*Athen.* 612); in the announcement of presents received during the vacation, and other routine business.

##### ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Nov. 16.—The Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, V.P., in the chair.

W. Ewes and E. F. Moore, Esq. were elected Resident Members.

The Honorary Secretary read a letter from the Governor of Ceylon, accompanying a donation of ancient Hindú coins found on that island.

A paper was then read by General Briggs, 'On the Cotton Trade of India.'—One of the principal objects of this paper was to show that the people of Hindustan are as capable of furnishing Europe with cotton as the inhabitants of North America; and that, under proper arrangements, both the quantity and quality of their produce would fully suffice for all the requirements of our manufacturers, without the necessity of our relying on the slave-labour cotton of America. The paper began with a calculation of the quantity of cotton actually used in dress by the natives of India. Specimens of the several articles of costume were exhibited; and it was shown that the dress of the male Hindú contained 24½ square yards, and that of the female about 8½ square yards, which, allowing that they were renewed, on an average, at least once a year, the consumption would amount, among the whole population, to 375,000,000 pounds; and it might be fairly inferred, from the various other domestic uses to which cotton was applied in India, that as much again was so employed, making a total annual consumption, by the natives themselves, of 750,000,000 pounds. The quantity imported into England is from 4 to 500,000,000 pounds annually, and this is chiefly raised in America, not more than one-tenth coming from India. The question naturally arises, why should this be? The causes of the deficiency of the supply from India, Gen. Briggs stated were closely connected with the administration of the country; he should not further allude to them in that place, but would proceed to demonstrate his position, that India might supply cotton sufficient for the manufactures of England, and, if necessary, for the whole world. It is needless to follow the details presented, but the result of a great number of statements and reports from the best sources, showed evidently that scarcely any portion of the surface of India was unfit for the growth of some kind of cotton. The great table-land of the Dekkan, the soil of which is formed of the debris of trap mountains, is the cotton soil *par excellence*, and is suited to the *gossypium herbaceum*, the indigenous cotton of India. This soil lies upon limestone. It is rich in vegetable matter,

and is retentive of humidity; but in hot, dry weather it cracks into large fissures. It is at that season hard and clayey, and brittle, like coal. This clayey soil, so fit for the indigenous plant, is unsuited to that of America, which grows best in a light, dry, silicious soil, and, as most former attempts to introduce the American cotton into India have been made upon the rich trap soil of the country, they had necessarily failed. But the soil best adapted to American seed is also found in India, near the coasts, where the aboriginal plant does not succeed. This was proved at the various experimental farms established by the East India Company, and on which the American plant was growing to perfection. In order to point out the differences which existed between the various sorts of cotton in use, a diagram was exhibited, showing the various lengths of the fibres of different kinds. In many specimens of cotton the fibre had a flat tape-like appearance, while in others it looked like a string of oval beads, pointed at each extremity. Some kinds were more cylindrical than others, and the Surat and sea-island cotton is thickest and narrowest, and the Tavoy and New Orleans flattest and thinnest. In length of staple, the American surpasses the East Indian, but the latter was the finest. Some idea of the extreme minuteness of the fibre of cotton might be formed from the fact that it required thirty-five fibres to make the smallest thread spun at Manchester, 350 hanks of which weighed only one pound, and would measure 165 miles in length. But it had been shown that the natives of India could spin thread with the hand, four of which would be required to make up the bulk of one made by machinery at Manchester. (See paper read by General Briggs at Brit. Assoc.—ante, p. 704.)

Mr. E. Solly read a short report on some sugar manufactured at Dindoree, from the juice of the Mauritius or Otaheite sugar-cane.—Mr. Solly stated that since the year 1792, when, from the limited supply and high price of West Indian sugar, the attention of the East India Company was drawn to the importation of East India sugar, numerous attempts had been made to improve the cultivation and manufacture of East India sugar, so as to bring it into competition with West India sugar. Notwithstanding this, its quality remained very inferior, and, till latterly, it was believed that India could not supply good sugar; lately, however, sugar has been brought over from India, of a very superior quality, similar in kind to some of the better sorts of West Indian. Mr. Solly exhibited some sugar manufactured under the direction of Dr. Gibson, and read a report on it from Mr. Travers, the eminent wholesale grocer, who described it as being of superior quality, good grain, desirable complexion, and as likely to find a ready market in this country. Mr. Solly stated that he had analyzed a portion of the sugar, and found it to contain a very fair per-centage of crystallizable sugar, but that its colour was difficult of separation; this, though objectionable for its uses by the refiner, does not interfere with its ordinary uses.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 20.—Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—Four communications were read:—

1. An extract from a letter from A. G. Bain, dated Graham Town, Cape of Good Hope, Feb. 21, 1859, announcing the discovery of the skull and piths of the horns of an ox in an alluvial deposit on the banks of the Modder, one of the tributaries of the Orange River, and 40 feet below the surface of the ground. The piths measured, in the direction of their curvature, and including the breadth of the os frontis, 11 feet 7 inches, but it is calculated that about 5 inches had been broken off each point. Their circumference at the root was 18 inches, and the orbits are described as situated immediately under the base of the horn. Other portions of the head, and 5 molar teeth were found at the same time.

2. 'On the origin of the Vegetation of our Cool Fields and Wealdons,' by J. T. B. Beaumont, Esq.—The author is of opinion that the plants discovered in the coal measures were not drifted into large estuaries and there sunk, but that they grew where they are found, and that the districts now forming our cool fields were originally islands. The principal objections advanced in the paper against the theory of the transportation of the plants by great rivers, are, that such bodies of water would have required, for their



existence, extensive continents, of which there are no traces: that as the coal strata near Newcastle are 350 yards in thickness, the depth of the estuary must, in that case, have exceeded six times the mean depth of the German Ocean; that the formations surrounding the coal fields are of marine origin, and bear no traces of having been dry land at the time the coal and its associated strata were accumulated; and that the freshness of the plants is opposed to the view of their having been drifted from a distance and sunk in a deep estuary,—a process which must have been accompanied by a certain extent of decay in the plants. Mr. Beaumont then briefly proposes the following, as a preferable theory to account for the production of the coal fields. He supposes that they were originally swampy islands, on which plants flourished, and in part decayed: that the islands, during the settling of the earth's crust, were submerged, and covered with drifted clay, sand, and shells, which buried the plants; that these accumulations gradually raised the surface of sunken islands till it again became dry land, and adapted for the growth of another series of plants; and that these processes were repeated as often as there are alternations of coal, and strata of earthy sediment.

3. 'On the Fossil Fishes of the Yorkshire and Lancashire Coal Fields,' by Mr. W. C. Williamson. —Within the last four years the coal measures of these countries have assumed a zoological importance which previously they were not supposed to possess. In Lancashire ichthyolites have been lately found to pervade the whole of the series from the Ardwick limestone to the millstone grit, and in Yorkshire they have also been obtained in great abundance. On comparing the specimens procured at Middleton colliery, near Leeds, with the fossil fishes of Lancashire, the author detected the following as common to both coal fields, viz.—*Diplodus gibbosus*, *Ctenopterygius pectinatus*, *Megalichthys Hibbertii*, *Gyracanthus formosus*, also remains of apparently species of *Holopterygius* and *Platysomus*; but he has obtained some ichthyolites in the Yorkshire field which he has not seen in the Lancashire; and he is of opinion that the latter deposits are characterized by the greater prevalence of *Lepidoid* fishes, and the former by *Saurid*. These remains, except in the case of the Ardwick limestone, always occur in highly bituminous shale, and they are most abundant where it is finely grained, and in general where plants are least numerous. This distinction in the relative abundance of ichthyolites and vegetables, Mr. Wilkinson conceives may throw some additional light upon the circumstances under which the coal formations were accumulated. The fishes are found chiefly in the roof of the coal, rarely in the seam itself, and not often in its floor. Mr. Williamson, in conclusion, makes some remarks on the manner in which ichthyolites are associated with the other fossils of the coal measures. At Burdighouse they occur in the midst of freshwater shells and *Cypris*; at Coalbrook Dale with marine testacea; in the lower coal measure of Lancashire, not far from the beds containing *Goniolites Listeri*, and *Pecten papyraceus*; higher in the same field, and in Yorkshire, they are associated with freshwater shells; at Middleton with Lingule, and at the top of the series in Lancashire and Derbyshire with *Mytili* and *Melanie*.

4. 'A paper on the Geology around the Shores of Waterford Haven,' by T. Austin, Esq.—As the object of this communication is to describe topographically the structure of the shores of Waterford Haven, its details do not admit of abridgment. The formations composing the district are mountain limestone, a conglomerate, clay-slate, and trap; the limestone and conglomerate constituting the greater portion of the east side of the haven, and the conglomerate the opposite.

## STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 18.—James Heywood, Esq. V.P. in the chair. A paper was read, on the present state of Education in Belgium, by R. W. Rawson, Esq.—Some introductory remarks were made on the tendency of national power and wealth, acquired by the progress of physical improvements, without a commensurate cultivation of the mental and moral faculties of the great mass of the people. England, though far in advance of most other countries in manufactures, commerce, and the useful arts, ranks almost last with

regard to popular instruction, having at least two-fifths of her adult population wholly without education, and a greater proportion of children growing up in the same intellectual destitution. The effects of this state are exhibited in the outbreaks and destruction of property and life that occur on almost every occasion when temporary distress presses heavily upon the labouring classes, or imaginary grievances arouse their discontent. We behold it in the machine breaking and incendiarism of 1830, in the riots at Bristol and Nottingham, in the cotton-spinners' conspiracy at Glasgow, in the fanaticism of the Kentish peasantry, and in the revolutionary violence of Chartism. Such being the evils of popular ignorance, the question has arisen, to whom, or to what body belongs the duty of supplying a general and adequate system of sound education for the whole people, and the attention has naturally been turned to the government, in expectation of its assumption of this task. It appeared, therefore, to the author of this paper that the existing circumstances of Belgium, and the state of feeling in that country with regard to the subject of national education, have a direct relation to the question now agitated in England; and that the experience of another nation might be useful in determining the course which ought to be adopted. The Dutch system of national education was introduced into the Belgic Provinces, on their annexation to Holland in 1815. Committees were appointed in each province for the organization of public instruction; the poor were required to be taught gratuitously; inspectors of schools were nominated, and all teachers were obliged to undergo an examination, and to take out a certificate of qualification before they could enter upon their functions. The State advanced funds, required the communes to contribute to the erection of school-houses, and provided, from the general funds, or from those of the provinces, for the increase of the salaries, and for the pensions of teachers. A great impulse was consequently given to popular instruction. The number of schools and scholars increased; improved methods of teaching were adopted. Normal schools, and courses of instruction in the art of teaching, were established in the principal towns, societies of teachers, and circulating libraries for their use were formed, and public examinations were instituted for the trial of candidates for the office of teacher. Such were the advantages introduced by the Dutch; but the Belgic revolution, in proclaiming the principle of freedom of teaching, suddenly snapped the spring which gave life and motion to this excellent system. The new Belgic government abandoned the power and the moral influence exercised by the Dutch government. It deprived the provincial committees of their power of coercion, and finally suppressed them, and all inspection was discontinued; so that Belgium at present has no legislative enactment to regulate primary instruction. The Belgic government deeming it not expedient to call public attention to a subject no longer under its superintendence, has abstained, during the last nine years, from publishing reports upon the condition of the schools. This defect is partially supplied from the annual reports of the provincial councils; the results of which have been exhibited in a recent pamphlet published by M. Dupetiaux (*Quelques mots sur l'état actuel de l'éducation en Belgique*), from which Mr. Rawson derived a series of numerical statements respecting the schools and scholars in each of the Belgic provinces, accompanied by extracts from the reports of their governors and councils, expressing generally an earnest desire for the re-adoption of a system superintended by the government, in consequence of signal failure in proceeding upon the principle of "liberty of teaching" without legislative interference. From these documents it appears that the number of scholars in the primary schools is as follows:

Provinces.	Scholars.	Inhab.
Brabant .....	62,206	or 1 in 9.6
Antwerp .....	35,371	10.0
E. Flanders .....	60,067	12.7
W. Flanders .....	47,023	13.0
Liege .....	36,007	10.0
Limburg .....	32,209	10.4
Namur .....	33,567	7.0
Hainault .....	66,425	9.5
Luxemburg .....	48,733	7.6
Total .....	422,488	10.0

In 1826, under the Dutch system, there were 353,342 scholars, out of a population of 3,771,623, which gave a proportion of 1 to 10.7. Therefore the number of scholars, in proportion to the population, has remained almost stationary during the last twelve years, and it falls very far short of the number of children at an age to require primary instruction. The population of Belgium in 1836 was 4,225,783. With regard to education, it is divisible into four classes: 1st, Children under the age of two years, who form the eighteenth part of the whole population, or 234,766 infants; 2nd, Children above two and under six years, who form nearly one-twelfth of the population, or 352,149; 3rd, those from six to fifteen years, who comprise nearly one-sixth of the whole population, or 704,298; 4th, the adults above fifteen, amounting to 2,934,570. The education of the first class belongs entirely to the mothers. The children of the second class, for the most part, should attend infant schools; but these exist only in some of the principal towns, and the total number of their scholars does not exceed 2,000, which is scarcely one-hundredth part of the number that ought to attend them. Those of the third class should all attend the primary schools; but, as shown above, only 422,488, of all ages, are attending any schools. These are but 60 per cent. of the 704,298 who form the third class, between the ages of six and fifteen. So that at least one-half of this class are wholly destitute of elementary instruction. The result of an examination of the amount of instruction possessed by the militia enrolled in the province of Brabant in 1838, shows, that out of 5,873 young men above the age of eighteen, 3,105, or 53 in 100, were destitute of instruction, and could neither write nor read. The metropolitan province of Brabant is believed to afford a favourable specimen of the whole kingdom with respect to popular education, and it hence appears that, according to the same proportions, the number of male adults entirely uneducated, in the total population, is 1,555,322. In order to reduce this enormous mass of ignorance, it would be necessary to attach an adult school to each primary school. At present only two adult schools exist, at Brussels and Liege, and the number of persons they instruct is only between three and four hundred. If the uneducated children, excluding those under the age of two years, be added to the adults who are similarly ignorant, the amount exhibits 2,185,981 individuals, or 55 in 100 of the whole population, whose minds are entirely uncultivated. With respect to the nature of the instruction given in the present schools of Belgium, it occasions the same complaint as in England—that it is ill-adapted to the wants of the scholars, and the purposes which it proposes to have in view. It extends simply to reading and writing, with sometimes a little arithmetic. In many schools the children are merely kept out of mischief while the parents are engaged in labour. The task of intellectual development and moral training is commonly disregarded. The instruction is addressed rather to the sense of hearing than to the head and the heart. It supplies at most the instrument of knowledge, without explaining the method of using it to advantage, and therefore often increases the evil which it is intended to remedy.

A large portion of the schools are open only during the winter, and usually more than one-half of the scholars are entirely absent in the summer. The instruction of girls is more neglected than that of boys. The proportion of boys to girls who attend schools is as 56 to 44 in a 100. Scarcely any distinction is made in the instruction given to the two sexes. They are seated together, and receive the same lessons. Under the Dutch government, institutions were formed for the training of good female teachers; but these, since the revolution, have been destroyed, and the education of girls devolves almost entirely upon men, to the neglect of those manual accomplishments which are indispensable to the female sex.

Since the adoption of the free system, the total number of schools, and of scholars, have somewhat increased; but the number of good teachers and of good scholars have decreased in a corresponding ratio; which is directly attributable to the unlimited freedom of teaching, that allows the most ignorant, as well as the best instructed persons, to

open schools, on the principle of opening a shop, and to the absence of normal schools for the training and proper qualification of teachers. In 1828, under the Dutch system, the number of teachers whose qualifications were attested by the possession of diplomas, was 2,145, of whom 168 were females. The whole number of teachers was 4,030, so that more than half were legally guaranteed, with regard to abilities and fitness. At present it is estimated that two-thirds of the whole number of teachers have no legal certificate to produce of their qualifications. Since the revolution, the institutions, supplementary to every good system of education, have been generally neglected. Infant, normal, and adult schools are greatly deficient. The meetings of teachers, the establishment of libraries for their use, the institution of courses of instruction in the art of teaching, which, before the revolution, were established in the principal towns of the kingdom, have scarcely left traces of their existence. All encouragement to improvement in the matters of teaching may, in fact, be said to have disappeared. The societies for elementary instruction, founded in Luxembourg, Namur, and Hainault, have abandoned their useful labours. Provision for teachers and their families is left to chance and the caprice of the public. The sums contributed by the government and the local authorities for public instruction, are wholly inadequate for that purpose; and the inspection even of the schools which are maintained or assisted by the government, has been abandoned. Such are the effects of the change of system in 1830. The abolition of the Dutch code, and the introduction of the principle of non-interference in the education of the people, have retarded, instead of advancing popular instruction. The experiment has been tried for nine years, and the facts sufficiently attest its signal failure. Of this the Belgians are themselves convinced, and the provincial councils in their reports do not attempt to conceal the fact. On the contrary, they call as loudly for the interference of government, and for the introduction of a law to regulate public instruction, as they formerly exulted in the overthrow of the Dutch code. They have tried both systems, interference and non-interference, and now declare in favour of the former. The draft of a law has long been under the consideration of the Belgian government, and the declaration of the provincial councils will probably hasten its introduction. Many of the evils which they deplore, as the effect of the non-interference of government, exist in England; arising from the same causes, and producing the same effects. We are in a state very similar to Belgium, as regards popular instruction. We have always had liberty of teaching, and freedom from inspection, and our eyes are now opening to our destitution. The example of Belgium may, perhaps, be useful to us. The Belgians, who have had experience of the system which we dread, beg that it may be restored to them, and the freedom which we are unwilling to relinquish, they have found productive of evil in almost all its consequences.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	.....Eight, P.M.
MON.	Royal Academy ( <i>Anat. Lect.</i> )	.....Eight.
	Geographical Society	.....Nine.
TUES.	Zoological Society ( <i>Scien. Bus.</i> )	.....p. Eight.
	Medical and Chirurgical Society	.....p. Eight.
WED.	Medico-Botanical Society	.....Eight.
	Society of Arts	.....p. Seven.
THURS.	Royal Society of Literature	.....Four.
	Numismatic Society	.....Seven.
	Society of Antiquaries	.....Eight.
FRI.	Botanical Society ( <i>Anniversary</i> )	.....Eight.

## MISCELLANEA

*Sir Walter Scott's Autographs.*—(To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.)—

DEAR SIR,—It has reached me by hearsay, that a writer in some American Journal has complained of the costliness of autographs in England, seeing that he had just given eight dollars for "a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Thomas Hood." As such a statement implies that I am capable of selling such literary treasures, I beg to say that, on referring to my own collection, I am firmly persuaded that I possess every letter or note I ever received from Sir Walter Scott, except one, which, by the express desire of the writer, I handed over to Mr. Cooper, the Royal Academician, as containing the original MS. poem, "The Death of Keelard," in illustration of a picture by that very able painter. I have said, "ever received by me," because I can imagine

how such a letter may have been diverted from its proper destination; and should this meet the eye of the American gentleman, he would greatly oblige me by a copy of what may be perfectly new to

Yours, very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

*Post Office Letter Weights.*—This is a subject of some interest, in its way, at the present moment. The old and absurd custom of charging according to the number of pieces of paper is abolished, and on and after the fifth December we are to pay by weight, at the rate of 4d. the half ounce. As a consequence, we must all be prepared with weighing machines. No doubt many ingenious persons are prepared to offer mechanical contrivances for the purpose—but the first in the field is Mr. Hooper, of Pall Mall, who has Registered two—one, with a spring holder on a clump, is simple, and may be regulated in a moment to the weight required.

*Norway.*—A summer trip to Norway has become rather a fashionable excursion since Mr. Laing's pleasant volume was published. The facilities therefore, of getting there, and of getting about when there, may be facts worth treasuring up for another season. At the last meeting of the Storting a sum of money was granted for two more steam-boats to be added to the three lately established to form a line between the towns of Bergen and Christiansand, Christiania, Gatheborg and Copenhagen. One runs along the northern coast from Drontheim to Tromsø and Hammerfest, only eight leagues from North Cape, and it is proposed immediately to start another to fill up the interval between Bergen and Drontheim, so that, with the exception of the few miles between Hamburg and Lubeck, the whole distance between London and Hammerfest may be travelled in steam-boats. The Norwegians are sanguine in their expectations of the advantages of these improvements, and some private companies have been formed to open the communication through the great lakes of the interior.—We hope there is less truth in a report which has reached us respecting a route far more frequented. A friend writes to us that a recent hurricane has broken up two or three miles of the road over the Simpon, and so thoroughly that it is at present scarcely passable for foot passengers. If so, we should fear that there is little chance of its being repaired, seeing that it is the interest of the king of Sardinia to compel travellers to pass over Mont Cenis.

*Cedar Quarries.*—On asking a friend from Oswego, the other day, who used this term, what it meant, he informed us that much of the cedar which comes from Lake Ontario is absolutely dug out of the soil. On some of the islands in that lake, which furnish great quantities of that valuable timber, there has not been growing a single tree for many years. Generation has apparently succeeded generation of this timber, and fallen, and been successively covered with earth, and is dug out for railroads, fence posts, &c. in a perfectly sound state. The above is from the Cultivator. Persons who have been on the Island have stated to us similar facts. We believe, however, the quarries are getting exhausted of their most valuable mineral—the red cedar—or that it is so deeply imbedded, that the labour of excavation is not sufficiently rewarded. During this season, nearly all the cedar importations have been of a white species. We have heard it stated that on some of the islands—the ducks and pigeons, for instance, at the north-eastern termination of the lake—there are subterranean passages pervading their whole area;—that the roof or exterior surface seems to be composed of agglomerated earth matted and held together by roots of trees which rest upon it, and have covered it with a thick growth of timber. The vaulted passages or dens below are filled with cedar logs lying in every variety of position, and which no doubt formerly, like the rafters of a house, gave support to the superincumbent mass. From the accounts we have had, there are more wonderful labyrinths constructed by nature on Lake Ontario, than that of old upon the banks of Lake Meis.—*Oswego Palladium.* [Similar quarries exist, or did exist, in the Jersey marshes, between this city and Newark. Within our own day, we have seen people engaged in excavations for fencing-timber. Thus cedar posts and rails were dug from the earth on one side of Newark, and blocks of free stone on the other.—*New York Com. Adv.*]

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| 14. The Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes.                             | 35. Lady Caroline Legge, Lady in Waiting on the Duchess of Gloucester.          |          |
| 15. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.   | 36. The Duke de Nemours.  |          |
| 16. Lady Barham, Lady in Waiting.   | 37. H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge.  |          |
| 17. Lady Caroline Lennox,   | 38. The Duke of Saxe Cobourg.   |          |
| 18. Lady Adelaide Paget,  | 39. The Chair of Edward the Confessor, in which the Queen was Crowned.          |          |
| 19. Lady Fanny Cowper,  |   |          |
| 20. Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope,   |   |          |
| 21. Lady Mary Grimston,   |   |          |

} Train-bearers to the Queen.

\*• The Picture is exhibiting for a few days at Mr. Moon's, previous to its being placed in the Engraver's hands.